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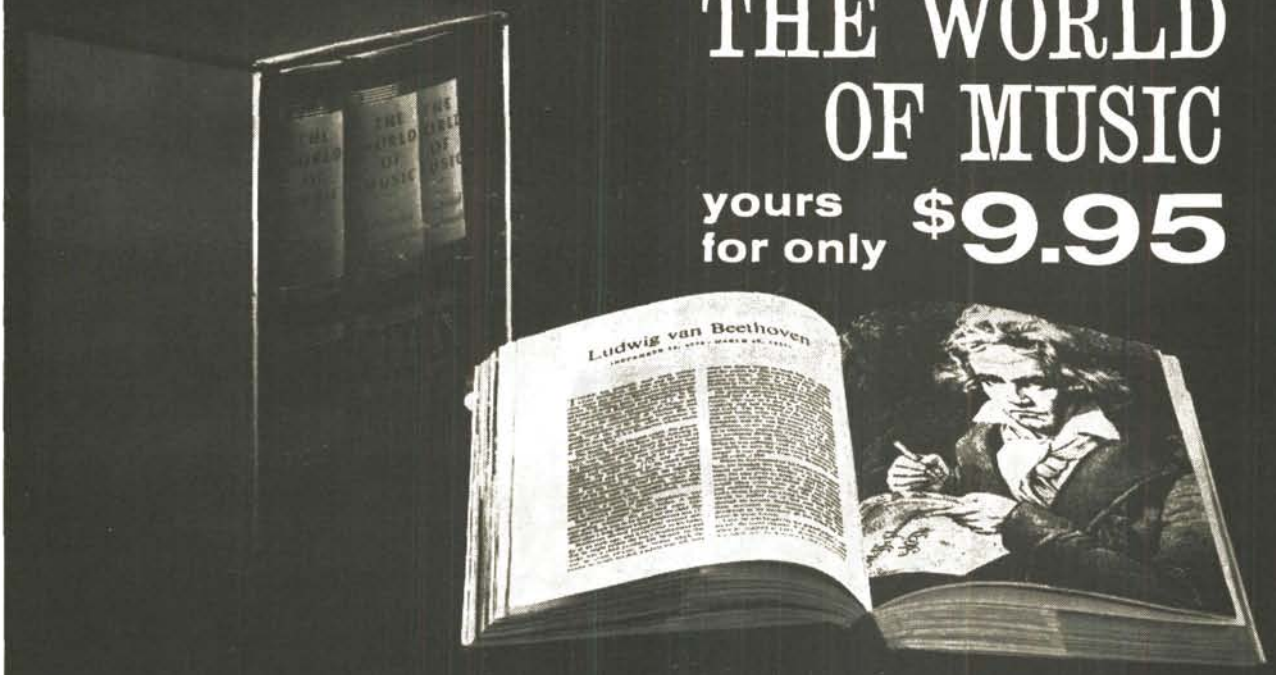

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T.R.B. *from Washington*

Completing the Cycle

★ On May 22, 1894, James C. Emerson, the unofficial and unpublished chronicler of South Lee, N.H., recorded in his journal, "Finished potatoes, planted 16 bushels." On August 31 he wrote, "commenced digging potatoes"; on September 25, "Finished harvesting potatoes; no of bushels 172."

Not long ago TRB took the ashes of his mother back to South Lee to the family burial plot. From it you can see the farmhouse where she was born. She lived two years short of 100. Not many Americans, anymore, complete the cycle and come back at last to the place where they started.

The one-room school where Susie recited, with seven brothers and sisters, is now a shed, behind a crossroads store. It once stood on the Lang farm. A boy would take the pail across the road into the pines and dip into the ferned spring. Winter and summer everybody drove to the unheated Union meeting house where the minister spoke two hours, and the hooves boomed in the shed behind. A hundred years ago the township was mostly Congregational. (A hundred years before *that*, the descendants of the people who had cut off the King's head were Puritans and New England was pretty much a theocracy.) They still call it "the Mast Road" in Lee. That's where the King's men logged down the giant trees for fitting the royal navy; for all I know Lee timber helped Nelson win Aboukir.

They were Protestants; they were homogeneous; they were farmers. So, indeed, was most of America. There was the good feeling it would always be that way. They had come successfully through the Civil War. The race problem was settled; the 14th Amendment fixed that. Susie's father paid the $300 bounty for a cousin to take his place in the war. The lad waved and laughed as he went down the dirt road. All her life Susie had the picture of what they told her – the gay boy going off. He never came back.

Susie and Edna boarded at Newmarket so they could go to high school, and Grammie Harvey kept house for them. The cocks woke them in the morning, but even before they got up they heard the French Canadians clattering down the street to the fortress-like textile mills. After sundown they came back. Once Susie found the French Canadian girl who lived above them sitting on the back stairway, weeping. Why was she crying? – she was making good money.

One Sunday afternoon Susie's father was signing five-dollar bills on the gingham tablecloth of the kitchen table. Yankee farmers did odd jobs and one of his was being bank president. (Nowadays, bank presidents don't harness up Old Zeno, and carry dressed turkeys in the fall over to Portsmouth to sell!) Susie got bored and went up to the low, slant-ceilinged front bedroom and got absorbed in a book. She pored over it as the hens drawled and the light faded from over the Pawtuckaway mountains – driving her nearer and nearer to the small-paned window that you propped up with a stick. She came down in a daze. The book was a Latin grammar. With that book you – anyone – could talk like the Romans. Yes, really, *anyone!* She decided to go to college.

Class of '91

★ She presented herself at Smith College in 1887. What, no Greek? . . . Tears, but not many. Setting a firm jaw, Susie went out to acquire three years of Greek in eight months at the New Hampton Literary Institute & Commercial College; at the other end of the state. Then she came back to Smith with a firm look. She sailed through four years at Smith, taking one year off to teach and help pay for it. (In 1961 she came back to her 70th reunion and got a standing ovation as she told them the class motto: "'91 won't be outdone!" She was the only one left.)

America was changing, of course. But the real change wasn't the auto and the airplane and zoom-zoom things like that. Starting back there in the '80's, or earlier, it was becoming, really, a different America. Immigrants were pouring in, and later on the sons and grandsons emerged. Ribicoff in Connecticut, Goldwater in Arizona, Kennedy in Massachusetts. Good or bad –? How could anyone say! Of course things don't stop; there will be changes in the next 100 years, too – gigantic, no doubt. But will moon-travel alter the country as much as the quiet revolution in the American people of the past 100 years?

Suddenly, as it seemed, it wasn't wrong to enjoy the Sabbath. The railway came to Lee: they put a spur across the Lang farm. And then, 70 years later, they took it up again and made a highway. Boston & Maine stock sank to 10. (But at 2:45 on a dark night you can still hear the two longs and two shorts of the whistle for the Lee depot, and then the rumble of the Bar Habor Express coming round the bend.

What happened to the Yankees? The mills went South. Granite pastures couldn't compete with Iowa loam or California, for that matter. Lee township dropped from 800 to 350. But the change went deeper. The doors of the old Union meeting house swung rustily. There was a neat new white church – with 30 people in it. The expiring Puritan ember flickered once or twice: Prohibition; the quota law; Cal Coolidge beating Al Smith. . . . Maybe the Yankees had seeded the nation, as some said. But the new era had come.

It did not break Susie's heart. She wondered at some changes; she accepted some; some she loved. She loathed government debt; liked to clip government bonds. Girls wore skirts awfully high. Young people hugged and kissed in public. But there! Young ones had been silly before. She laughed at the way Will Plummer wouldn't sell rice for her marriage to the school principal; wasteful, he said. And the way George Swain on the buggy ride hurled the chocolates into the sumac bushes. Alcoholic! . . . All her life Susie would recall George Swain, and how noble he was; and the chocolates, and regret them. Susie got older and older but she was always interested. She was not a mite afraid of dying, but she sighed a bit at not being around to see how

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How Judges Are Made

Attention was called in these columns two weeks ago to the President's "dubious" preferment of Dan M. Russell, Jr., as Judge of the US District Court for the Southern District of Mississippi. Since this is a lifetime appointment and the nominee's political and family connections are uncompromisingly segregationist; and since a number of judicial appointments in the South in the last four years have proven a serious setback for civil rights, we hoped that the Senate Judiciary Committee would make a searching investigation of Mr. Russell's outlook and convictions.

It was a quixotic hope. On the afternoon of October 1, only one week after having received his name from the White House, the Senate, with a handful of members present, confirmed Mr. Russell "without objection." A subcommittee "hearing" on the nomination had taken place that same morning, lasting not many minutes and with only Senators Dirksen and Eastland present. Immediately thereafter, the full Committee, meeting at 10:30, accepted the recommendation of its subcommittee and forwarded it to the whole Senate which, within hours, gave its consent. The Judiciary Committee has on it such firm advocates of civil rights as Edward Kennedy, Phil Hart, Birch Bayh and Joseph Tydings. They all attended the Committee meeting. They all went along.

The speed of Mr. Russell's confirmation contrasts with the leisurely pace of past nominations that were tinged with doubts – unjustifiable doubts as it turned out. Henry Friendly, for example, was proposed as Judge of the US Second Circuit in March, 1959; six months later he was confirmed. The name of Thurgood Marshall was first sent to the Senate, for the same position, in September, 1961; he was confirmed September, 1962.

With the same deliberate speed it accorded the Russell nomination, the Senate last week moved to confirm the appointment of Municipal Judge Francis X. Morrissey as a US District Court Judge. Its behavior here was not simply negligent; it was scandalous. Mr. Morrissey is a loyal handyman of the Kennedys and a good husband and father, as the Senators were repeatedly told. His son was christened by Cardinal Cushing over television in Boston. He obviously deserves something, and got it – because the President said he should have it, and because his insistent sponsor was Edward Kennedy. Senator Kennedy had gone along with Senator Eastland on the Russell appointment, and as a Southern gentleman, Mr. Eastland went along on Morrissey. The

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nomination was approved on October 13 by the Judiciary Committee, 6-3, with Senators Dirksen, Scott and Irvin voting "nay." Other Senators, such as Bayh and Tydings, stayed away. Unlike Russell's, Morrissey's merits and demerits were briefly exposed for several hours on October 12. It was then learned that Mr. Morrissey had secured a "law diploma" in 1933 (without, however, having attended school) from the now-defunct Southern Law School in Athens, Georgia, described as a "diploma mill." Within 48 hours, he had been admitted to practice in two Georgia courts and a federal court; in his application then he described himself as a Georgia resident, although in the official biography he later submitted to the American Bar Association, the Justice Department and the Senate Subcommittee, it was indicated that he was, in fact, at that time studying at the Staley College of Oratory in Massachusetts. Mr. Morrissey remained in Georgia some months; then left because he "couldn't get a case."

The American Bar Association has been wrong in some of its assessments of judicial capabilities. In this instance, its adverse judgment is hard to refute. One of its spokesmen noted that in 1961, when Mr. Morrissey's name first came up as a possible appointee to the federal bench, he, Mr. Morrissey, had been able to remember only one case he had tried in a federal court; and that had been settled out of court. A past chairman of the ABA's Standing Committee on the Federal Judiciary told the Senators that: "In legal ability, legal learning, and legal experience, we have not had any case where these were so lacking." No evidence was offered that Morrissey ever did try a case as a lawyer after being admitted to practice in Massachusetts in 1944 (this after having failed four courses at a then-unaccredited law school and having failed twice to pass the Bar in Massachusetts).

Mr. Abe Fortas may be on the bench today because of his friendship with and service to Lyndon Johnson, but he is qualified to be there because of his intellectual stature and his legal and governmental experience. The same can't be said of Russell or Morrissey.

As a footnote, the President last week, in the words of *The New York Times*, "deliberately rejected a splendid opportunity to make an outstanding appointment to one of the most important courts in the entire federal system of jurisprudence" (the US Court of Appeals for the Second Circuit), and instead sent to the Senate the name of Judge Wilfred Feinberg – not at all an objectionable nominee, but not the least of whose credentials is the fact that his elder brother is a large contributor and fund-raiser for the Democratic Party. It is a regrettable but not intolerable choice, for in politics the best must often give way to second-best. In the Russell-Morrissey cases, however, the President and the Senate, by so demeaning the judiciary, have damaged the whole structure of constitutional government.

Mann's Divided Mind

Under Secretary of State Thomas C. Mann's speech in San Diego read as if it must have come from someone confidently on the way up or resignedly on the way out. At a time when the Johnson Administration is trying to build "bridges" to Eastern Europe, he portrayed international Communism as the same old monolithic, implacable enemy. At a time when the Administration begins to see a moderate way out of the Dominican crisis and the Panama Canal dispute, he reissued the warning that Communist adherents automatically taint any social revolution beyond acceptability. The last half of the speech was a point-by-point attempt to refute Senator J. William Fulbright's September 15 attack on Latin American policy generally and a defense of unilateral military intervention in landing troops at Santo Domingo.

A significant sequence of events led up to Mann's appearance in San Diego. It started early last year, shortly after President Johnson had brought his fellow Texan up from the ambassadorship to Mexico to make him Assistant Secretary of State for Inter-American Affairs, special assistant to the President in the same area, and the "one voice" with which the new Administration would speak to and of Latin America. Mann promptly stirred up a flurry of controversy by his remarks at a closed meeting of US ambassadors and aid directors from all over Latin America. Word leaked out that he had presented the outline of a new policy, under which the United States would no longer discriminate against rightist dictatorships or distinguish between them and constitutional democracies; in other words, forget the Alliance for Progress.

Mann subsequently defended his "hands-off" policy against those who wanted the United States to continue its intermittent policy of not being kind to dictators. Reviewing past US interventions, he concluded that they never had succeeded in restoring lasting constitutional government, and they had "in every case left for our country a legacy of suspicion which has endured long after our interventions were abandoned as impracticable."

But the shoe was on the other foot last April, when Mann joined those who believed early and strongly that Communists were about to take over the Dominican revolution. Intervention, not non-intervention, was the correct policy. His behavior during the crisis led a number of his associates in the affair to believe that his chief interest was to prevent the return to power of former President Juan Bosch. They quote him as referring at the time to "the unclean Bosch crowd." He used his influence in behalf of temporary US reliance on Brig. Gen. Antonio Imbert Barreras and Brig. Gen. Elias Wessin y Wessin. He also is widely believed to

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have sabotaged efforts by McGeorge Bundy to try to patch up a government headed by Antonio Guzman, which would have been acceptable to Bosch.

Then came Fulbright's September 15 attack on the whole Dominican enterprise, as an illegal act based on exaggerated reports of a Communist threat and performed under cover of an alleged threat to American lives. His speech brought counter-attacks by most of the columnists who usually support Mr. Johnson and by a number of his Senate colleagues. The House carried matters a long step farther by adopting, 312 to 52, Representative Armistead I. Selden, Jr.'s resolution encouraging any American state to take steps, including the use of armed force, to forestall Communist intervention or even the threat of it in this hemisphere. Even strong anti-Communists in Latin America exploded at this approval of unilateral intervention. A group of Senators then began talking about adopting a resolution of their own setting policy straight on the matter of intervention, but the plan seemed to fall apart after they spent a couple of hours with Mann as a presumably objective consultant on how to find the middle ground.

Finally, there came the Mann speech in San Diego last week. Not only did he promise a new drawerful of evidence that the Communists were dominating the Dominican revolution. He also suggested that his unnamed, confused critic (Senator Fulbright) had bought the Marxist theory that Communists are in the vanguard of all truly revolutionary movements.

Well, Bosch is back in the Dominican Republic. Imbert was forced to step down. Wessin was run out of the country with a bayonet to his back and without even a change of underwear. The House resolution has become an increasing embarrassment as Washington tries to line up Latin American support for the forthcoming Rio conference. And in Panama, the United States has gone more than the halfway that Fulbright prescribed.

Smith's Bet

In spite of rival excitements, including Vietnam and Kashmir, Africa seems fated to count high in the Sixties' blood sacrifices. Last week's ouster of Prime Minister Moise Tshombe may spell further trouble for the Congo, and in nearby Rhodesia, Prime Minister Ian Smith is betting on a white Christmas, meaning open assumption of power by Rhodesia's 217,000 whites over the country and its mostly voteless four million blacks, a move which British Prime Minister Harold Wilson fears will precipitate a Congo-like massacre of innocents, white and black alike. The United States, which formerly abstained, now is in support of a United Nations resolution, sponsored by 40 African and Asian countries and last week carried overwhelmingly in the General Assembly 107 to 2 (South Africa and Portugal), calling on Britain to prevent her white colonials in Rhodesia from carrying out their threat. Last week, Mr. Wilson was still hoping against hope that an appeal by the Queen or a mission of Commonwealth prime ministers might persuade Smith to desist and so avert a race war that could engulf most of Africa. For that is where the UN resolution may lead. Ambassador Goldberg pledged this country to take "necessary concrete steps, in concert with others," in support of the UN resolution. Unless Smith desists, this can scarcely mean less than economic sanctions against Rhodesia, and may become much more. South Africa and Portugal may decide to help the white Rhodesians, and the Afro-Asian sponsors of the UN resolution are talking of a UN-financed "army of freedom" organized by the Organization of African Unity and based in the territory of Rhodesia's black neighbor, Zambia.

Whether or not that happens – and the history of the OAU, though brief, does not inspire much confidence either in its organizing power or its unity – it seems fairly clear that by pushing on with what he calls a "unilateral declaration of independence," giving the appearance of being hallmarked "for whites only," Smith risks destroying Rhodesia. He already has most of the African political leaders who oppose him in jail, but their detention can at the most defer an internal explosion. Smith's argument, however, is that he risks a duplication of the 1960 Congo troubles if he does what the UN and Britain seem to want, and puts Rhodesia on a one-man, one-vote basis. Seventy years ago Rhodesia's founder said there should be equal political rights for all civilized men, but Smith and his fellow whites think they are still by and large the only civilized people in the country (only about 13,000 Africans are regarded as qualified to vote compared with about 93,000 whites), and that it will be a very long time before education alters this state of affairs. In the circumstances, they refuse to see why the black majority cannot be content to accept Smith's word that if he gets his "unilateral declaration of independence," he will let them continue having the right to elect 15 of Rhodesia's 65-man parliament. But Smith shouldn't bet on it.

Aim—Faim—Fire!

Career people in the United States Foreign Service and the home-side State Department do not lack for help these days. They are inundated by waves of "civilians" – paid and unpaid experts, advisors, consultants recruited from business, journalism, the arts, the sciences and that vague reservoir of mere wealth which seems

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to provide an endless supply of volunteers for public service. Businessmen, retired and active, sit on promotion boards. They accompany career officers of the Foreign Service Inspection Corps on their probing rounds. They and others from every conceivable area of private experience serve on innumerable panels, delegations, cultural teams, all of which are thought to assist in one way or another in formulating, managing and projecting American policy and purpose abroad. Arranging and enduring their labors in Washington, and finding tasks and audiences for them in foreign lands, occupy significant numbers of career officers who no longer hope to be left alone.

A rumor of a recent addition to the extra-official ranks led to an interesting inquiry the other day. The new program was said to bear the code-letters AIM, for American Idea Men. The little-i idea, it was said, was that distinguished and otherwise unoccupied Americans would be recruited, suitably briefed, and sent abroad to assist our ambassadors in ways yet to be devised. A State Department information man said that he had never heard of such a program, was fairly sure that it did not exist, and suspected that somebody had picked up a confused report of a different program known for short as FAIM. This is a wholly internal affair, the Foreign Affairs Information Management program, which brings in private management experts to wrestle with the question, so far unanswered, of how to route State's overwhelming masses of incoming information to those who ought to get it. However, the information man said, it was just possible that another officer, who is concerned with volunteer recruitment, might know of the rumored AIM. "My dear fellow," this man said, "I never heard of it." His tone implied that he hoped he never would. But, he added with some reluctance, a man in the Bureau of Cultural Affairs might know of such a thing if it existed. And this man did. There was a budding program designated AIM, the letters did stand for American Idea Men, and a roster of candidates for it "from all fields of Americana" was being prepared. It was not to be confused with earlier programs, notably the venerable American Specialists Program, or ASP, which sends musicians, actors, writers and the like abroad in exchange for similar favors from other countries.

At this point, the man who knew about AIM grew cautious. His manner suggested that there might also be something to the report that the whole business had originated at the White House. He would check further, he said. Call back, he said. Premature news of such endeavors had a distressing effect on the many citizens who are always happy to travel abroad for Uncle Sam. They tended to volunteer in unwanted numbers. On second thought, do not call back. He would call back. He did, with the message: "No story now. Call November 1."

De Gaulle and ABC Enter Their Bids

Everybody from General de Gaulle to the American Broadcasting Company is now trying to get into the communications satellites act. De Gaulle would like to make his entrance into space with a pirouetting satellite that could relay 100 channels of gallic voice and video communication. ABC's desires are much simpler. According to an announcement by Leonard H. Goldenson, president of ABC, what is wanted is a domestic satellite that would make it unnecessary to use AT&T's long lines for television transmissions to ABC's owned and affiliated stations.

General de Gaulle, unlike ABC, would probably go ahead and boost his own communications satellite into orbit without so much as an international by-your-leave, except for one small detail. He doesn't yet have a rocket proven big enough to do the job. It is now eight years to the month since the Soviets launched Sputnik I into orbit. It was only this month that France was able successfully to launch a two-stage Saphir rocket from its Mammaguir rocket center in the Sahara. It is this rocket, with an added third stage, that will be used next month to launch France's first satellite – "A-1" – into orbit.

The Russians, on the other hand, now have actively in use a network of perhaps 15 or more low-level communications satellites whose job it is to ease the surface communication bottlenecks, both civil and military, within Russia itself. So far the Russians have shown great curiosity, but no real willingness to join the US plan for a truly international communications system based on a series of satellite relay stations in space.

And what of the ABC network satellite system? It is to be private enterprise, pure and simple. ABC calculates that it can operate a domestic satellite relay station cheaper than it can lease long lines from the telephone company. In its filing with the Federal Communications Commission late last month, ABC left no doubt as to why it wanted to become a private carrier, owning both the relay satellite and many of the ground stations needed for transmission and pick-up: "In this space age there is no reason that ABC and its affiliates should be restricted to mountain peak and tall-tower techniques of yore; they should be permitted to take advantage of space-age developments, such as synchronous stationary satellites, the utility and dependability of which have now been amply demonstrated. Neither AT&T nor Comsat has been, or should be, permitted a monopoly on the use of satellites for domestic purposes."

To sweeten its private ownership and operation pro-

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posal, ABC told the FCC that it would make one TV channel available to the nation's educational television stations. These 90-odd stations – banded together as "NET" – would have to pay their own receiving costs, including any surface cable expenses, but ABC said it would handle on a no-cost basis the transmission and relay of "such non-commercial educational programs as NET wishes transmitted to its associated stations."

ABC's president also told the FCC that the satellite could be used for radio transmission as well as TV and would have a civil defense value. In addition, the private comsat system would make it possible for Alaska, Hawaii, Puerto Rico and the Virgin Islands to enjoy "instant viewing" of mainland TV programs. The ABC satellite would also "greatly increase the availability of around-the-clock reporting of major news developments as they happen any place in the nation and in the world," ABC pointed out. Mr. Goldenson also said that "if the FCC deems it desirable," ABC would be willing to share some kind of an enlarged system with one or both the other national networks on a shared cost basis.

The arguments made by ABC in support of its private line proposal may or may not be persuasive from a legal standpoint – although, in fact the FCC has not even decided at this time whether to accept the ABC filing and set it down for comment – but there are going to be a lot of shaken-up Congressmen, and taxpayers too, if ABC does ever manage to persuade the FCC to approve the idea of a private satellite communications system.

For one thing, like General de Gaulle, the ABC network has no launch capability. The orbital relay station itself is not impossible to construct. France, with some scientific and engineering help from England and possibly Germany, could build a workable satellite capable of handling 100 channels or more of voice communication. Or France could swallow a bit of its pride and do as ABC proposes to do: buy the necessary orbital system for $10 million from the Hughes Aircraft Company. ABC's problem resolves itself into whether the Air Force and the National Aeronautics and Space Administration would be willing to provide the launch vehicle and the necessary scientific back-up to enable the satellite to be placed exactly into position for maximum receiving and transmitting efficiency, with a speed so perfectly timed that the satellite orbit would exactly match the earth's rotations. Behind this technical know-how, which is being made available to the US-backed Comsat Corporation, are many hundreds of millions of dollars of trial and errors, as well as a thousand and more scientific heartbreaks.

Comsat Corporation is able to command this hard-bought know-how because it is part of an American dream. This dream moved the Congress to approve the idea of an international consortium to operate what the 1962 Communications Satellite Corporation Act calls "an improved global communications network, which will be responsive to public needs and national objectives, which will serve the communications needs of the United States and other countries, and which will contribute to world peace and understanding." The Early Bird satellite, launched as the first tangible result of this dream, is now owned by the 46 nations cooperating in the US-sponsored Comsat system. If the American dream of a satellite system to be used for general public benefit is to be fully realized, there can only be room in space for a single global system, one that is responsive to international control and fully accessible to all.

Robert Burkhardt

College Presidents Look at the Students

Washington, D. C.

American college presidents have read the headlines from Berkeley, just as American mayors have read those from Los Angeles. So it was no surprise when the American Council on Education, the university presidents' national trade association, announced "The Student in Higher Education" as the subject of this year's meeting and invited students to join its various panels, or that presidential registrations doubled those of any previous year.

Because the academic generation now occupying administrative heights has not been young since the 1920's or '30's, and because the intervening change can be symbolized by the transition from the Brownie Kodak to Stanford's current advances in laser photography, the presidents spent considerable time, October 6 to 8, analyzing how today's students differ, and what the causes are of their discontent. First of all, *numbers*. Many university administrators are presiding over student populations of 25,000-40,000 and faculties of 7,000-8,000. Three percent of such a student body equals the entire enrollment at a "pastoral" college, meaning the private institution that was catering to American youth who went to college two generations ago and which has been only modestly enlarged since World War II.

Numbers have a bearing too on the drama of student demonstrations, strikes, sit-downs and lie-ins; if 250 sympathizers accompany a student who is summoned to the dean's office, they may constitute only one percent of the student body, but they may fill a corridor. With or without headlines, all major universities struggle over how to teach masses and how to learn *en masse*. A psychiatrist panel-member

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stressed "the uncomfortably close analogy between educational processes and industrial processes. There is quality testing of raw materials; punch-card production control; machines to teach; quality control by examination; even a manufacturer's warranty which goes along with the finished product. Too little university teaching, whether live or on tape, takes account of human reception. Teaching is the derogated part of transmitted scholarship."

Next, *down with surrogates.* Many parents expect the universities to shelter feckless sons and nubile daughters as they come of age. But a considerable part of the present college generation has seen the world in person; summer trips and junior years abroad have acquainted its members with student bodies which maintain an active intellectual life at institutions that limit their responsibility to exposing the undergraduate to scholarship. These travellers are not about to return trustingly to the bosom of the housemother.

Then, *getting your money's worth.* Since the great majority of students must not only earn scholarships but supplement them by weekly schedules of hours worked, today's generation is cost conscious, assessing what it gets for its money; even more, what it gets for its time. Where, (and it's almost everywhere), senior faculty regard undergraduate teaching as dull and farm it out to graduate students who in turn are making money while preparing PhD's, undergraduate fees too often buy no intellectual excitement, no sense of being younger colleagues in a joint enterprise. In this respect, a measurable distance exists between the classrooms of the humanities and scientific labs where students find it easier to participate: the body of scientific knowledge is younger, and many of the professors are younger too.

Also, *incentives to gamesmanship.* Awareness of the monetary value of a good degree—advertised (as a public service) in bus and subway—converts shrewd students into practitioners of gamesmanship, if not triflers with academic honesty. In a world where individuals go through life, and students enter graduate school, preceded by their folders, an A in a dull gut course looks better than a B in a demanding one. Such business morality, on their own part or on the part of the university administration, makes students cynical of the higher purposes of higher education.

Finally, *the moral search.* By and large, today's student bodies grew up in the blandness of suburbia, the purposelessness of a consumer society. The Peace Corps, foreign and domestic, and particularly the civil rights movement, have given them their first direct experience of a cause, a clear-cut choice between right and wrong, coupled with opportunity to do something about it. "Today's new 'veterans' of Selma and Ghana," said a conference participant, "of the New York slums and the Mississippi cellars, after reading and reading for years about the futility-of-the-individual-in-a-complex-and-impersonal-society, feel that they can be a part of the solution of the problem that has awakened them to action on the front lines." Such students return to campus as experienced organizers, with techniques tested and usable again if other means of communication fail. They are impatient with university life [as Christopher Jencks in his article in this issue points out] because on campus they find no equivalent of real contact with events that matter, or a share in shaping the outcome of those events.

Moral search was considered in respect not only to students who approach social issues with commitment, but those who approach sex without it. Conventional suggestions included student counseling, medical and psychiatric, to prevent or cure sickness that must prove itself sexually, or through drugs, or through publicity-craving destruction, or through self-destruction. Less conventional were the words of one college president: "It is difficult to encourage or demand responsibility for an area of action which we have forbidden or ignored. Inasmuch as we academics, as religious people, as concerned humanists, admit the need for responsible skepticism in every human area, and, therefore, in every moral area, we will begin to give our junior colleagues whom we call students the responsibility of freedom. Only if a man is allowed to frame his own question can he be readily responsible for own answer."

As the ACE conference closed, a consensus emerged; more student voices should be heard in the councils from which university policy decisions emerge—decisions on degree requirements, calendars, allocation of resources. Presidents and undergraduates alike affirmed that the deepest concern should be felt, *not* for the relatively few who are involved, however riotously, but for the inert majorities willing to accept universities as well-feathered nests for fledglings with open mouths and closed eyes.

HELEN HILL MILLER

The Two Classes

The Chapel Hill, N.C., *Weekly* of October 6, 1965, reported the following observation by Dr. John Buettner Janusch of Duke University, as he prepared to embark on a long-term study of prosimians:

"I enjoy working with baboons and lemurs because the baboons remind me of my colleagues on university faculties and the lemurs remind me of undergraduates. Lemurs are bright-eyed, bushy-tailed and can't believe the world is the way it is. Baboons, on the other hand, are intelligent, sociable, clever, untidy and you can't trust them."

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The Payoff in Chicago

When US Commissioner of Education Francis Keppel announced this month that he was ending his brief freeze on $30,000,000 in federal funds earmarked for Chicago schools, there was rejoicing in City Hall. The "intolerable" thing Commissioner Keppel had done was to administer the 1964 Civil Rights Act, which provides that federal aid can be withheld if discrimination is practiced in any federally assisted program. Keppel's preliminary investigation – and ample evidence supplied by civil rights groups – had indicated Chicago schools were segregated. He intended to withhold the appropriations until complaints were "satisfactorily resolved." But aggrieved calls went out from Chicago City Hall to the White House. Within six days, Keppel agreed to unfreeze the money.

Chicago's anti-poverty program has now received about $21,000,000 in federal funds. It was nearly one year old before it made its first token efforts at involving the poor in planning, as the federal law requires. That involvement was and is strictly Chicago style. The seven urban progress centers, backbone of Chicago's anti-poverty program, are supposed to be run by councils made up of neighborhood leaders. In Englewood, a poor Negro community on the southwest side, the urban progress center was open and in business for more than two months before the advisory council was named. "It takes a long time to find out who the leaders are," explains Deton J. Brooks, Chicago's anti-poverty director. "You have to find out who is negative and who is positive."

The pattern has been to have huge councils – 75, 80 or 85 people – so that Brooks and the mayor can risk having a dozen or so "negatives" among them. The council is named by the director of the center, who in turn has been named by Brooks. But Brooks – and through him City Hall – has veto power. One director nominated some young men from JOIN (Jobs Or Income Now), a Community Action project sponsored by SDS (Students for a Democratic Society). They were promptly rejected.

Each of the seven councils now has one of its number on the steering committee that runs Chicago's poverty program. Brooks had promised this back in March, when the first of the councils was formed, and it took nearly six months to come about. But it did, and seven of the 30 steering members can be billed as "voices of the poor." The seven were selected by the center directors from a group nominated by the councils. "In other words, Brooks names the director, and the director and Brooks name the council, and the council and the director name the delegate," said one long-time observer of Chicago politics. "That is known as citizen participation, Chicago style."

It's also called the numbers racket by the Rev. Lynward Stevenson, president of The Woodlawn Organization, a militant Negro community group organized by Saul D. Alinsky. TWO maintains that its 105 member groups represent most of the 90,000 people in Woodlawn. Before the advisory council to the Woodlawn urban progress center was named last June, Stevenson met with Daley. He says Daley told him there would be 25 council members. Stevenson asked if TWO could have 13 of them, and he says Daley replied "yes." TWO nominated 21, expecting 13 to make it. All 21 were named – but so were 54 others. Stevenson protested; Daley said only that "TWO nominated 21, and they got 21."

However they are named, Brooks and William Downs, the regional director for the Office of Economic Opportunity, insist that these councils do have real power. They can initiate projects, and some of their ideas already are in action: A clean-up project on the west side employing teenagers, various recreation programs, a project to hire the talented poor to give music lessons to kids.

The poor have one other role in Chicago: as paid "community representatives" who scour their neighborhoods looking for people with problems to bring into urban progress centers. What happens to them once they're brought in is something else. "I started out rounding them up by the dozen," says a former ADC mother employed in Englewood. "Then I was told, 'Slow down.' And what can we do? We bring someone in with a complaint about a building violation, we write it up, we take it to the city building department and they say it's a lie. And that's the end."

She told what happened the day the mayor, and Ben Willis, the Superintendent of Schools, and Brooks, were scheduled to make a "surprise" visit to the center. "We were told to go out and bring in the poor. We had 50 of them waiting, filling the offices. They sat. And they sat. Finally the big men came through, and saw all the poor people waiting to be helped. Then the big men left and we were told to send the poor home again. We said, 'You mean they were only for display? Like the posters?' I tell you our staff was so sick and disgusted we almost had a walkout. But of course we wouldn't. I want the job. I'll kill myself before I go back on relief."

LOIS WILLE

LOIS WILLE *is a reporter for the* Chicago Daily News.

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What Germany Has Become

Affluent, Yes, but Something Else Too

by Alain Clément

To me, newly returned from Germany, it came as something of a surprise to read, in the last issue of *Foreign Affairs*, that according to the Federal Republic's Minister of Foreign Affairs, Dr. Schroeder, ". . . the growing impatience of the German people with the continued partition of Germany is finding increasing political expression." With all due respect to Dr. Schroeder, the word "impatience" is hardly the first that occurs to one trying to describe the state of mind, political or otherwise, of the Germans at this point in their history. On the contrary, anyone visiting Germany today who is at all familiar with the German character is struck immediately by the apparently much more balanced and relaxed attitude prevailing than on previous visits. This is true in offices, in shops, and even on the highways where, at long last, the German motorist seems to be on more amicable terms with his own car and those of his fellow drivers than before. Also, far from the new factories sullying the landscape and making the cities unlivable, in spite of very high density of population, industrial development in Germany hasn't spoiled the scenery. The Germans have not bulldozed beauty in the name of progress. They are living in harmony with their environment, and in more senses than one.

I should like to make some observations about the September elections. It is noteworthy, in the first place, that foreign policy issues (including the reunification question) were decidedly played down by the three major parties contending at the polls. Actually, this discretion is not surprising. In the successive elections since at least 1953, there has been a marked decline in discussion of the great international and European "options." Today's quasi-silence is the culmination of an evolutionary process: the subject is practically exhausted, the "great debate" is a dead issue, and the "irreconcilable" debaters of yesteryear are now more or less united in a common cause.

Various polemical outbursts can be adduced which apparently contradict the foregoing reassuring viewpoint. At Muenster, for example, former Chancellor Adenauer argued violently against the American attitude at the Geneva Disarmament Conference (nothing newsworthy to those who have been around during the innumerable German-American "crises of confidence" which have occurred over the last 10 years, beginning in 1956 with the one triggered by the famous "Radford Plan"). The flowing pen of former Defense Minister Franz Joseph Strauss – torrentially flowing, in fact – has also at one time or another given the lie to the "quietism" alluded to above. Even affable Dr. Schroeder has uttered tactical threats of a Germany which might be pushed by Allied neglect to its former "wicked ways" and towards "nuclear freedom." However, despite the unpleasant memories which these attacks awaken, there is a distinctly new element in them. The era of the great professions of faith and strenuous self-denial seems to have come to a close, or at least to have lost its oratorical momentum. Official statements now center, still in rather oblique and awkward fashion, more and more on the subject of Germany, and less and less on the rest of the world. I say "awkward," because it is difficult to understand just what the mayor of Berlin means when he proclaims – not in Berlin, of course! – that the Federal Republic has now "come of age" and must consequently be able to act "independently." More understandable is the statement of Rainer Barzel, the "coming man" of the Christian Democratic Party, that West Germany is the world's third greatest industrial power and is "beginning to swing its weight in the world again." If these various allusions have any meaning, it is a simple message indeed. All down the line, the Germans are reverting to that old-fashioned adage: charity begins at home. On the far Right, where this precept has never been abandoned, the trend is assuming a decidedly chauvinistic and racist tone. The new nationalist party (which, however, only won two percent of the vote) whines querulously: "Are we going to send arms to the Middle East? (meaning arming Israel); throw our money out the window? (i.e., grant foreign aid); pay family allowances (*Kindergeld*) to foreign workers?" Hideous thought! my money to other people's children!

As the horizons of political discussion contract under the impact of this German egocentricity, certain lines of demarcation become blurred. Two years ago, when Chancellor Adenauer was retiring, the political arena was still divided between the "Gaullists" and the

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"Atlanticists." The former were in the minority; what distinguished them from the majority – except for "German quarrels" between individuals and factions – was never clear. The distinctions are even hazier now, despite the competition for Mr. Schroeder's post. A new common denominator now tends to efface the lines of conflict: wariness of American foreign policy.

Is this because Germany has reverted to some kind of a "Germany first" course? Is it because foreign-policy makers in Germany are mistaken in their estimate of Washington's order of priorities? Right or wrong, the fact is that in the fall of 1965, Germany's leaders are disturbed less by the Common Market crisis (the way is being paved for a compromise with Paris), or NATO reform, than by the American campaign to persuade the Russians to sign a new disarmament agreement – because they feel the Americans regard it as the keystone of their foreign policy.

Moscow Doesn't Hold the Key

Why do Germans object to this? The mere attempt to come to terms about "arms control" disturbs them. Why, they want to know in Bonn, does American foreign policy still cling to the desire to align the Kremlin with America's notions on the "non-dissemination" of nuclear weapons? Moscow doesn't hold the key to "proliferation." No need to fear that the USSR will leak nuclear secrets or weapons to China, to its East European satellites, or to those with whom it sympathizes in the developing nations! Any ambitions which the USSR may have once harbored in this area – if it ever really did – vanished with the Cuban crisis of three years ago. Germany believes that to focus Russia's attention anew on this subject would be the same as providing the USSR with a trump card which it does not hold at present.

It would also amount to yielding to the illusion of what Bonn now calls "pseudo-universalism," because negotiation in this area implies, fundamentally, that *all* the nations of the world are potential candidates for "nuclear status"; whereas in reality only about half a dozen of them are really in a position to apply seriously for such status. An East-West agreement on "non-dissemination" would inevitably be based on an alliance of the two super-great powers against the weaker ones, and the agreement envisaged would really impose only one basic obligation on Russia and America – namely, that each, within its own sphere of political influence, would agree to act as "nuclear policeman" and prevent the lesser powers from gaining access to the arsenal of modern weaponry. But even if they were to succeed in enforcing this discrimination, it would not solve any of the real international problems today; the Moscow-Washington antagonism, the problem of China, the problem of France, for example.

The Bonn experts must perforce admit that American negotiators have fought hard to "reserve a place" for a possible nuclear multilateral force – efforts, incidentally, which have successfully blocked all progress. The question is whether this proposed hole in the doughnut can resist the pressure exerted, on the one hand by the very logic of what the US proposed at Geneva, on the other by Soviet maneuvers. (Moscow was not slow to seize the opportunity presented by setting up "non-proliferation" as a supreme principle, to interfere in the relations between Washington and its allies.) In any event, circumstances are placing Washington on the defensive. The prospect is not good for either the MLF or its British substitute, the Atlantic nuclear force. And any scheme proposed to take the place of either force is always in danger of head-on collision with a French veto.

One wonders also why German policy – which is the same as saying Mr. Schroeder's policy, because his opponents would only try to go one better in this respect – puts so much emphasis on the desirability of a so-called nuclear "sharing" ("*Mitbestimmung*"), the vagueness of which leaves the door open to all kinds of equivocation and suspicion. The answer is brutally frank: "The harder Washington pushes its policy of non-dissemination at its allies' expense, the more we are compelled to ask for. The American proposal submitted at Geneva implies that we would renounce something which is, at least theoretically, within our grasp – namely, independent nuclear arms – without receiving any counter-concession. Yet do not forget that we have only *unilaterally* agreed to refrain from *producing* (not *possessing*) nuclear arms, and even this is only binding on us so far as the West is concerned. We have no such commitments in relation to the East. And also, even the West should remember that renunciation can be renounced. . . ."

Sometimes one can talk for hours with German parliamentary or diplomatic officials without being able to discern whether, at heart, they really do or don't want the Bundeswehr to have nuclear weapons (and if so, of what kind), and what form of "sharing" they have in mind. Many of these leaders have made the pilgrimage to Omaha and can scarcely have any illusions as to the practical value of a so-called "co-decision" on American strategy, whether it be exerted above ground or underground. Besides, people I talked to had relatively few illusions. "In claiming 'nuclear status' for the Federal Republic, under one label or another, we know full well that it can never apply to a reunited Germany." But then they add: "For this

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very reason this claim is our last opportunity, in the present context, to keep the German question open. We cannot hope to achieve reunification at a single stroke. What we are seeking, through pertinacity, is to get the long process of liquidating the status quo under way. We will be satisfied with very minor initial concessions so long as they represent a step in the right direction. What we cannot do is to deliberately perpetuate the present 'freeze' even if by refusing to do so we gain the reputation, in foreign policy circles, of obstructionists."

In setting forth this program, publicly but in bits and pieces and almost in a series of asides, Germany's leaders have committed virtually all the blunders to which such a program laid them open. The rhetoric of Bonn's policy makers on "the atom" is distressingly amateurish. But would a more sophisticated line make a better impression? So far as world opinion is concerned, and even in certain foreign chanceries, Bonn's intentions can be summarized as follows: West Germany refuses to bow to the *fait accompli* in East Germany; it rejects the Oder-Neisse Line, allows doubts on the Sudetenland (not by claiming territorial rights thereto, but instead the right of its former inhabitants to return there). In addition, West Germany visualizes its participation in the nuclear club, and does not conceal that such participation would be to serve the cause of its own revisionism. So: where are we headed?

The question is not purely academic. On the basis of direct, reasonable, and honest testimony, I have attempted to describe the "rosy" version of the Federal Republic's aims. But the picture does not need many black tints to bring out a "dark" version, colored with the hues of intrigue and revenge. It is even possible to contend that the two versions are complementary. What would be the use of such subtleties if Germany could not persuade the West that its people are capable of "blowing their top," of "following a new Hitler" (as F. J. Strauss puts it), if the present situation were to be indefinitely prolonged? Surely this is what Dr. Schroeder means when he alludes to the "growing impatience" of his compatriots.

COMING: *Andrew Kopkind writes from Los Angeles on the crazy quilt of California politics*

Unfortunately, or happily, the Germans are ill adapted to the role of diabolical Jack-in-the-box which these terrifying predictions require. They are intuitively aware of what would befall them if the rumor of a new "German danger" were to be taken at face value: they still feel the breath of a world coalition on their neck. In the past, both under and after Bismarck, the Berlin rulers were obsessed by this "coalition nightmare." Today, it is Bonn's citizens who suffer from a perpetual trauma on this score. In 1965 as in 1945, the outstanding facts of life in their political world are the nearness of the Russians, and the Russians' possession of overwhelming superiority in terms of conventional weapons. Even the 400,000 well-armed men of the Bundeswehr are not enough to reassure the Germans. Squeezed between their American protectors and the Russians, they are more aware of their limitations than their leaders' speeches would lead one to suppose. It may even be that the German egocentricity which I have mentioned, despite its apparent connotations of irredentism actually constitutes a profound break with the past, and is a kind of "nationalism" applicable to the Federal Republic alone.

Are we, then, to conclude that German unity is a hangover from the past, that the West Germans are resigned to the partition of their country, and that their leaders simply haven't realized this yet? Who knows? So long as reunification seems literally *impossible* to the German people because of the Great Powers' insistence on maintaining "order" in Europe, they can only discuss it academically. They will not actually *do* anything.

Instead of dwelling grimly on what should "normally" distress divided Germany – as Bonn would like us to believe . . . just a little . . . not too much – why not reflect on what is obvious: that the West Germans feel at ease in the framework of the Federal Republic? To be sure, they lament for the "captivity" of 17 million fellow countrymen who are under the Ulbricht regime. But the partition is one thing. The end of the centrifugal tensions which for at least a century prevented German society from maturing – tensions between Prussia and Austria, between the Junkers and the working class, between Catholics and Protestants – is another thing. In my opinion, the process of integration now going on within Western Germany, especially if stimulated by the progress of the economic integration of Europe, will reveal itself, in time, as much more decisive for the future of Germany and its relations with the outside world, West and East, than all the "frustrations," real and imaginary, derived from the status quo.

What the West Germans enjoy and display is not only affluence, but something like the sense of a rediscovered identity. And this might become the mint of a genuine unity.

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Big Fish that Get Away

by James Ridgeway

"The task of the Great Society is to ensure our people the environment, the capacities, and the social structures which will give them a meaningful chance to pursue their individual happiness," Mr. Richard N. Goodwin said not long ago, before he resigned as an assistant to the President. "The Great Society is concerned not with how much, but how good – not with the quantity of our goods but with the quality of our lives. . . ."

Mr. Johnson has made an ambitious start in this direction with his legislative assault this year; but he has a great many vested interests which yet must be compromised into consensus, and as a few examples suggest, the Big Idea (quality) can go bust when it hits the hard road of political expediency.

Thus, in his State of the Union message Mr. Johnson promised a "massive attack on crippling and killing diseases." Cancer, heart disease and stroke are responsible for more than 70 percent of all deaths in the country, and recently the President moved off on one front against them. He signed into law a $340-million project that will seek to extend the high-quality care, offered patients in a few medical centers, to community hospitals around the country. Under a spread of National Institutes of Health grants, major medical centers and research institutions will be linked more closely to local hospitals through exchanges of staff, training programs for specialists, traveling teams of research specialists, and establishment of intensive care centers.

This is regarded as a far-reaching step in medicine. But when the President faced the tobacco industry, it was another, grayer, story. The Administration has been loath to publicize the findings of the US Public Health Service that link cancer and heart disease with cigarette smoking. The White House did not support the Federal Trade Commission's proposed rules that would have required manufacturers to place a health warning in cigarette advertising. The tobacco lobby was successful in keeping the White House on the sidelines, while Congress was persuaded to take the unusual step of specifically forbidding the FTC from proceeding with its advertising provisions. Instead, Congress voted to require an innocuous warning on labels. It was regarded, rightfully, as a victory for the industry.

The Administration also ran into some trouble over excise taxes. It clearly intended that last summer's tax cut be passed along to the consumer in lower prices. At first the government had feared evasion and therefore instead of recommending elimination of the 10 percent tax, it sought a reduction to 5 percent by 1967. That would have given it time to see what the auto people would do. But Mr. Wilbur Mills, chairman of the House Ways and Means Committee, had been in touch with Detroit, and the Administration acceded to his desire that the tax be eliminated entirely, though by gradual steps, by 1969. The original Administration suspicions were confirmed this fall when prices were marked, not down, as the tax-cutters hoped they would be, but up. While increases varied among the companies, in general they amounted to $50 or more per car. The manufacturers said the higher prices took into account the cost of a "safety equipment" package – rear seat belts, more padding on the dashboard and sun visor, outside rear view mirrors, dual speed windshield wipers and washers and back-up lights.

All in all, this safety equipment represents a piddling concession to congressional critics, who wanted Detroit to install collapsible steering columns, dual braking systems, and radically redesigned instrument panels, all aimed at reducing the numbers of deaths and injuries in car crashes.

The automobile manufacturers arrived at the new model price by taking the base car price, then adding on the cost of the safety equipment at last year's optional prices. This presents a distorted cost picture, because optional equipment costs go down when they become standard features.

The result of this stunning one-two maneuver by the auto makers made a monkey of the President, and left the buyer with no choice but to pay more for a new car that, insofar as safety is concerned, is not much of an improvement on last year's model.

A recent investigation by Congressman L. H. Fountain, a North Carolina Democrat, indicates the government still has a long way to go in straightening out administration of the drug laws. The Kefauver drug amendments were one really big piece of consumer legislation that got through the Congress under John F. Kennedy, and, following hard on the thalidomide disaster, were meant for the first time to place the burden of proof for a drug's safety and efficacy with the manufacturers. Rep. Fountain's researches suggest the Food and Drug Administration has skirted the new provisions and that things are little safer than they were. He discovered the FDA had refused since 1963 to

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put on a "prescription only" basis two antihistamines, cyclizine and meclizine, even though the agency's own medical experts had urged it to take such a course because of reports associating the two drugs with birth defects. Both are sold over the counter in drug stores and approved by the FDA for use in nausea in pregnancy. The Public Health Service, which runs clinics that treat government workers, removed the drugs from the stocks because of possible danger. But the FDA still won't tell the general public, because it cannot prove a direct cause-and-effect relationship, and as a result feels it improper to disturb the manufacturer's market. Fountain also found a case where the FDA warned doctors of side effects – including a number of deaths – of one drug, by sending out warning notices third class, junk mail.

These are three general areas where the President's mark was high, and the miss has been wide. The reasons surely include the fact that business is a valued partner in power. Even when obvious matters of health and safety are involved, there is some hesitation about turning on so important a member of consensus. Mr. Johnson has been leery too this session of pushing ahead with the so-called consumer legislation. A bill to establish uniformity in packaging is mired in the Senate Commerce Committee; and there have not been hearings on the "truth in lending" legislation, which would require lenders openly to state finance charges.

The Environment

The President has made a good deal of his interest in contamination of the environment. And this is an area sure to play a prominent part in future "quality of life" programs. But the results here, too, are a mixed bag. Rachel Carson's research on pesticides has not wrung any change in government policy. The country now spends more on research; but the policy of the Department of Agriculture, which must register pesticides before use, remains the same. A pesticide is innocent until proven guilty, and winning a case before Agriculture is like winning a civil rights murder trial in the South. To get one of these chemicals off the market, one would need to produce a detailed scientific case showing a direct cause-and-effect relationship between a pellet of insecticide dropped from a plane, and the dead fish. The Department of Agriculture seems committed to the view that increasingly toxic pesticides are needed to grow more surplus crops.

The government has long been urged to take control of pesticides away from Agriculture, which is so closely intertwined with the chemical industry, and put the program either at Interior or HEW, which would be instructed to take suspected pesticides off the market until an investigation shows them to be harmless, not the other way around as it is now.

The Administration has gotten a good deal further along in its work on water and air pollution this session of Congress, due largely to the spade work of Senator Muskie (D, Maine) and Congressman Blatnik (D, Minn.). Administration of the water pollution program was strengthened by taking it away from the Public Health Service, which is not set up for regulatory work, and placing it in a separate administration at HEW. This Congress has also given the federal government authority to set water quality standards on interstate streams, which ought to get companies to stop building plants without adequate sewage equipment. HEW Secretary Gardner takes a considerably more enlightened view of these complicated pollution problems than did his predecessor. It remains to be seen, however, whether the White House will let the new machinery work. The actual pace of water pollution enforcement has not been as rapid as one might first have thought it would from listening to Administration homilies about the grave problems of water resources.

Before real progress on water pollution can be expected the government will have to spend more money to help municipalities build sewage works. It now provides $150 million a year in construction grants. But New York State alone is asking voters to approve $1.6 billion in bonds to pay for municipal sewage stations. Moreover, the Administration will have to make up its mind either to get very tough with industrial polluters, or provide them with some sort of financial incentives to begin abatement schemes.

Until very recently the government seemed unwilling to administer the enforcement powers given it by the Congress in 1963 to abate interstate air pollution. Although urged on several occasions to take action in the New York City area where fumes from New Jersey industries pollute the air and affect millions of people, HEW did nothing. A few weeks ago, however, it announced it was calling the first two enforcement cases. One was to stop a chicken processing plant in Maryland from fouling the air of a small town in Delaware; the other to stop a pulp mill in upstate New York from sending smoke over a small town in Vermont.

This year, in a real step forward, the Congress authorized Gardner to set standards for permissible auto exhaust, and he is expected to do so by the first of next year.

The Lady Bird beauty bill, a "quality" item to which the President gave such lavish attention, is not likely to have much effect on billboard displays, since it concedes to localities the right to zone roadsides for commercial use. Local governments are notoriously receptive to the blandishments of the billboard crowd. And the Secretary of Commerce can exempt a state from compliance. The final version actually will take another $120 million away from the general revenues

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and permit their use for landscaping on the highway right of way, which in effect means that this is money for construction, not beauty.

The effort to get clutters of billboards away from roadsides is worthwhile, yet may obscure a more important question: where to build roads and whether to build them. Autos ought to be got out of big cities like New York and travel in congested areas such as the Washington-to-Boston corridor ought to be mainly by transit systems.

One of the really big headaches for Johnson will be working out land uses in the crowded East. This already has become a potentially big political issue in New York. If the dispute over whether to build a power plant at Storm King Mountain in New York State demonstrated nothing else, it showed that the federal-state mechanism for regulating electricity is archaic. The Federal Power Commission has control over hydroelectric projects; the AEC has authority over where nuclear plants go; and state agencies can regulate placement of coal-fired plants. There is little if any control in most places over the paths taken by transmission lines. The government probably ought to control all means of producing electricity and have the power to place transmission lines. It might do so through a new agency which would develop policies for the production and transmission of electricity through regional authorities.

A New Breed of BA's

Some Alternatives to Boredom and Unrest

by Christopher Jencks

The Administration is now debating how much new education legislation to introduce next year. The argument does not concern elementary and secondary education: the Act passed last spring opens enough new possibilities there to keep everyone busy for some time. But major new departures are still needed in higher education.

Although the colleges themselves have been slow to present their case, Washington officials generally recognize that the cost of higher education is going to increase extremely fast in the next few years, and most feel that a growing fraction of the money should come from the federal Treasury. Beyond this, nothing is settled. Should the federal government emphasize aid to individual students, as my article last week urged, or aid to institutions, as the states have traditionally done? Assuming that at least some of the aid goes directly to institutions, should the emphasis be on giving their trustees, administrators and faculty maximum freedom to run colleges as they see fit, or on encouraging innovations which seem desirable to federal legislators and officials?

According to the conventional wisdom, higher education works best when there is least "outside intervention." If this were so, an ideal aid program would consist of automatic payments to all colleges, based on enrollment. (Scholarships also minimize direct federal intervention, though by changing the character of the "market" they would lead indirectly to dramatic changes.) But is non-intervention by "laymen" as healthy as everyone claims? One way to answer the question is to compare the research record of the American universities with their teaching record, for in research there has been a great deal of outside intervention and very little collective faculty responsibility, while in teaching the faculty has pretty much set its own rules and priorities.

Before 1939 the only principle governing research in the better universities was "academic freedom." Each faculty member could theoretically investigate whatever he wanted, at whatever pace and in whatever way he wanted, publishing whatever results he judged valuable. In practice, however, most universities gave their professors comparatively little time or money for such work. After World War II the government and the big foundations became increasingly convinced that the universities should be doing more research in a variety of fields, especially the natural sciences and the "hard" social sciences. To achieve this expansion and redirection of effort they offered

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large grants and contracts to professors who would undertake certain kinds of research. Little effort was made to channel this money through university administrations or to give faculties a collective voice in deciding what kinds of research would be undertaken on "their" campuses. Instead, the principle of individual professorial autonomy was preserved. Each man was left fairly free to make his own bargains and run his own shop.

A very different tradition has dominated teaching. Whereas a university research "program" is supposed to be the cumulative result of hundreds of professors' individual choices, the curriculum is supposed to reflect a certain measure of central direction and collective control. In principle – and usually in practice – the basic pattern of undergraduate education is set by the faculty as a whole, and every professor is expected to fit into this pattern. The faculty can collectively do away with grades, substitute papers for examinations, substitute tutorials or small seminars for lectures, or reorganize the course system so that students study subjects sequentially rather than simultaneously. But an individual professor who wants to make such changes in his teaching can do so only with the greatest difficulty, after months or years of politicking and endless committee meetings. Even within this framework, a professor has limited freedom in deciding what he will teach. If he is young he may simply be assigned a course which his department thinks ought to be "covered." Whatever his rank, he is likely to encounter difficulties if he wants to offer a course which transcends the usual boundaries of his discipline. There is, in short, no pedagogic counterpart to the research freedom of the professor. There is no presumption that if a man has been made a professor he should be free to teach whatever he wants, to whomever he wants, in whatever way he wants, subject only to the necessity of finding interested students.

Teaching has also been subject to less lay intervention and guidance than research. Outside agencies have been far less concerned with getting particular courses taught than with having particular pieces of research done, and they put up far less money for such purposes. Even when the money is available, it is not always taken. Faculty committees which would never think of telling a professor he couldn't take a federal research contract (even from CIA) will turn down his proposal for a new course or new instructional program.

If the conventional wisdom about non-intervention is correct, the American university should have compiled a distinguished record on the teaching side and a rather mediocre record in research. In point of fact, this has not happened. The combination of external financing and individual initiative has encouraged a certain amount of charlatanism and quite a lot of nonsense on the research side, but there has also been an extraordinary amount of brilliant work, a readiness to move into new fields, try new ideas, and respond to real problems. In teaching, on the other hand, collective responsibility and the comparative absence of external financial pressures, far from ensuring a generally high quality of classroom performance, have led to stagnation.

The basic pattern of undergraduate instruction has not changed at most universities since the turn of the century. At that time the departmental divisions of knowledge were established, a system of credit hours, lectures and examinations was worked out, and a pattern of "distribution" and "concentration" requirements was created. All of these endure to this day. The "system" was briefly leavened with general education, but this fashion is now being supplanted by independent study. Some institutions have seasoned the soggy mass with tutorial and seminar programs. These innovations have, however, done little to alter the basic style of undergraduate instruction.

The causes of this do not lie, as some claim, in the power or rigidity of administrators. Most administrators are extremely sympathetic to curricular innovation. Control over the curriculum, however, is in the hands of the faculty.

Again contrary to popular opinion, the desuetude of the curriculum is not due to universal faculty indifference. It is not true, for example, that most faculty members spend most of their time on research or consulting. As a matter of observable fact, most faculty members at most colleges spend most of their time in class, getting ready for class, seeing students and so forth. Even at the most research-oriented universities, and among the most publication-minded faculty members, teaching usually consumes a considerable amount of time – at least during those semesters when the professor is on campus. The trouble is that these faculty members rarely show anything like as much imagination and daring in their teaching as in their research.

This derives, I think, less from the growth of bureaucracy, the seductive charm of military-industrial contracts, or the lure of Washington consulting than from the extraordinary difficulty of getting permission from one's colleagues to try anything new and exciting. On virtually every major university campus in America there are professors who want to develop an interdisciplinary science program for non-scientists, start a small residential college where undergraduates will have a common curriculum and a chance to get to know a small group of faculty, or whatever. These ideas rarely get off the ground. Often they are vetoed by the rest of the faculty, or by one or another faculty committee. Even if an idea is accepted in principle, departments are not willing to release "their" mem-

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bers from conventional teaching duties to try something different. So the only way to break the lockstep is to get outside money to "pay off" the departments and allow them to hire temporary substitutes for those who are doing the unorthodox. Such money is extremely hard to get, especially when the majority of the faculty is unenthusiastic.

The inadequacies of the curriculum are, I think, a direct reflection of this paralysis of faculty government. At most universities, the faculty is too big to do anything efficiently and too conservative to let individual faculty members decide things for themselves. The Byzantine irrelevance of faculty politics cannot help but be mirrored in the curriculum. Men cling to lectures, examinations, credit hours, prerequisites and the like not because they are good for the students but because they provide an excellent framework for adjudicating the competing interests of individual professors and departments. What usually passes for curriculum "reform" usually serves a political rather than a pedagogic purpose.

Like Congress, university faculties cannot be reformed from within. But their power can be supplanted, as has happened in the research realm. For research purposes the university has been turned into a federation of independent entrepreneurs, regulated by panels of academicians who meet regularly in Washington to give out money. My judgment is that the same thing ought to be done in teaching. In other words, professors ought to be given the same freedom to plan and execute a program of instruction that they now have in research.

When I have proposed this to professors I have always been told that it would lead to chaos. Nobody would want to teach freshman English. Everybody would wind up offering courses in esoteric specialties. Some people might stop grading their courses, or might offer only tutorial instruction, or might stop teaching altogether. Crackpots would give courses on civil disobedience and LSD. "Standards" would be lowered. "The meaning of the BA" would be diluted.

Not Alarming

These prophecies do not alarm me. If nobody now on the faculty wants to teach illiterate freshmen, new kinds of faculty members should be hired who do. If the existing professors want to teach graduate students rather than undergraduates, that should be their privilege – so long as there are enough interested graduate students to justify keeping them on the payroll. If some students cannot, under this system, find anybody who will teach what they want to learn, they should be helped to transfer. If the graduate schools find it difficult to handle student transcripts which merely record the results of highly diverse encounters between the applicant and various professors, so much the worse for the graduate schools. Undergraduate education has more important functions than the sorting and screening of potential PhD's.

What undergraduate education needs today is not a return to the good old days of "community" and "shared objectives," but an advance toward pluralism and creative anarchy. Such a revolution is not going to come spontaneously from within the universities. No major change ever has. The history of academic innovation is one of dissident minorities within the university winning outside financial support for their ideas and then using the money to enhance their position. In today's curriculum impasse the dissident minority already exists; the missing ingredient is external support. The closest thing to it now is a National Science Foundation grant for curriculum revision. These grants have, however, been restricted to projects which have not just local but national relevance. NSF has been trying to promote curriculum reform at the college level in the same economical way as it did at the elementary and secondary level, i.e., by supporting a small group of super-teachers who develop new materials and methods, and then encouraging a much larger group of classroom teachers to adopt them. This is almost certainly not workable at the college level, where everyone wants to "do it himself." Nevertheless, an applicant for NSF funds who wants to do something only for his own students is not likely to get help under the present rules.

If the rules were changed, and appropriations increased, so that college professors in all disciplines could get NSF support for new departures in undergraduate education, both faculty politics and the curriculum might be transformed. To begin with, a local innovator who failed to get support from his department or his faculty could look to Washington for support. If he got help there, this would strengthen his hand back home. (An externally funded proposal always has a better chance of approval than an internally funded one.) In addition, such a program would enhance the status of the able professor who wanted to give his best efforts to teaching. He would get full-time secretaries, full summer salary and other perquisites now reserved to researchers with outside support. More important, his ability to get federal money would make him an asset to his institution, and would make other institutions eager to hire him. As a result, he would no longer have to worry about tenure or regular salary increases. If his university wouldn't let him do the kind of teaching he wanted to do, he would be in a strong bargaining position when looking elsewhere. That, in turn, would make his departmental colleagues more conciliatory.

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A program of this kind should extend not only to small-scale curriculum revision of the traditional sort, but to large-scale experiments which involve setting up new kinds of departments and new kinds of colleges, either within existing universities or independently. The program should not only launch new ventures but should keep them going as long as they continue to do something exciting. It could begin on a fairly small scale – say $50 million in the first year. But the long-term aim should be to provide a major new source of funds for higher education, having at least as much impact on the status quo as research grants have. This implies that federal grants to teachers should ultimately constitute at least 20 or 30 percent of the nation's overall expenditure for college instruction. This would have meant giving away at least $500 million last year, and more than $1 billion in 1970.

In principle, such a program should be run by the US Office of Education. On the basis of performance to date, however, and of the general quality of personnel in USOE, it might be better to leave it to the National Science Foundation for the present.

An Anti-Academic Proposal

Would all of this have any significant effect on the "unrest" which now troubles many campuses? I doubt it. The kind of reform which most faculty now envisage, and which Washington officials seem ready to sponsor, consists at bottom of improving communication between professors and their potential apprentices. Tactically, this means eliminating lectures, textbooks, memorization, departmental myopia and other impediments to curiosity, while promoting seminars, tutorials, independent study, interdisciplinary courses and the like. More fundamentally, it means making the undergraduate more of an apprentice-colleague, less of a ward-inmate. All that is fine; there are hundreds of thousands of students who would seize such opportunities eagerly. But they are not, by and large, the same students who are now "causing all the trouble."

Because every young American now knows that he has to have a BA to become a full citizen, the campuses are crowded with students who have no desire to apprentice themselves to an academic discipline. Traditionally, such students have been herded through a mixture of professional and service courses, injected with a dose of mild liberal arts vaccine, and sent on their way. Now, however, many able but anti-academic students are no longer willing to get C's and keep quiet. If the idiocies were eliminated from the curriculum and the most exciting side of scholarship made immediately accessible, some of these dissidents might become interested in getting A's and becoming scholars. But not many. Difficult as it is for many professors to believe, there are students who are not stupid, hedonistic or philistine, but who nevertheless find the delights of academic analysis, categorization and discovery rather pale. Such students come to college with hopes that are unrealistic yet legitimate. They want to know something at once novel and old-fashioned: how to lead a good life. They find, however, that what are said to be the "best" colleges are not interested in this question. Despite rhetoric about "training leaders," the better colleges are organized on the assumption that the good life is in fact the academic life. They offer few experiences outside the classroom, no future except graduate school, and no adult models except scholars.

The quest for other kinds of experience leads these students in many directions: to living among the poor in a slum, to manning a picket line, to civil disobedience and jail, to drug-taking and (perhaps most commonly) to bed. Conceivably it could also lead them to the classroom, but not so long as the curriculum remains in the hands of scholars dedicated to "objectivity" and "value-free research." Yet these are ideals which curriculum "reform" as currently envisaged is unlikely to challenge. It is the essence of the academic profession to focus attention on questions which are researchable – and by existing academic methods. For some students this is satisfying, but not for the student whose primary concerns are political and moral. All he sees are literature courses which treat novels in terms of form and style rather than substance; philosophy courses which talk about word games and mathematical puzzles rather than ethics, suffering and death; political science courses in which social justice is never mentioned; economics courses in which computer analysis has precedence over hunger, poverty and human irrationality; sociology courses which explain why the world is the way it is but say little or nothing about how it might be changed for the better.

Perhaps these students' interests and needs cannot be satisfied by any sort of formal education. But I am not convinced of this. Two innovations seem to me to deserve a try. First, undergraduates should have more contact with non-scholars – with poets, ministers, journalists, civil rights workers or anyone else from whom they think they can learn. Second, they should have more opportunities to learn outside the classroom, and especially to learn from participation rather than reading. These two changes go together. On the one hand, students will not learn much from non-scholars if contact is confined to lectures or even seminars; on the other hand, scholars are not likely to create an educational program which emphasizes real-life experience more than abstractions from and about it.

America needs a new kind of college, in which the

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teachers are not drawn primarily from the academic profession, and the pedagogy does not rely primarily on classrooms. There have already been some tentative efforts in this direction. Franconia College in New Hampshire is trying to integrate two years service with the Peace Corps into its undergraduate program. Both Miles College in Alabama and Tougaloo College in Mississippi have experimented with letting students work in the civil rights movement and making this experience a central part of their formal studies. Cornell has involved some of its students in a project in Fayette County, Tennessee, though it has not done much to link what students learn in Tennessee to their studies in Ithaca. Antioch College has encouraged students to spend semesters in similar activities. But so far as I know no college or university has recognized that off-campus activities of this or other kinds are most important sources of learning for many undergraduates, and ought therefore to be at the center of the undergraduate program. Back on the campus, academic life goes on unchanged, and students seeking a degree are expected to go through all the traditional (and to them boring) rituals. Similarly, while many professors took part in the Vietnam teach-ins, and in this way established an unprecedented relationship with some of their students, Antioch College is the only institution I know where the faculty has tried to understand the peculiar potency of this invention and make similar experiences part of the regular academic program.

Where Change Will Come From

The disease which afflicts the American university today is in some respects analogous to the one which gripped colleges in the middle of the nineteenth century. The academy was then dominated by a sterile classicism, which disdained any contact with the workaday world. Reformers had sought to introduce science and the professions, but to no avail. The first (though probably not the most important) change occurred when Congress passed the Morrill Act, offering the states money with which to teach farming and engineering. Some of the classical colleges took the money and diversified. Other spurned it and let the states give the money to new colleges, both public and private. The public was served in either case.

The system of education which dominates today's universities, while far less narrow than a century ago, is still largely irrelevant to the interest and needs of many undergraduates. The possibilities of internal reform are meager. Change, if it is to come at all, will depend on outsiders brandishing checkbooks and working with creative minorities on campus.

The time has come for Congress to pass a twentieth century counterpart to the Morrill Act, providing federal funds to support a new kind of higher education, which would get students out of the classroom. These funds should be available both to established colleges and universities and to new ones. (Many of the applicants would probably be two-year colleges trying to become four-year ones on the cheap, but that is no argument against the idea.) The aim should not be to supplant the existing system of higher education but to supplement it, by creating several dozen reputable and prosperous colleges which emphasize experience beyond the campus rather than experience within it. The nature of these experiences and of the instructors who organize and help students interpret them should be left open. Such a college might hire traditional sociologists and anthropologists to run a program centered on field work among one or another variety of non-student instead of merely reading reports and statistics collected by others. Psychologists and psychiatrists might offer work focused on clinical experience with the mentally ill, instead of making this an incidental footnote to a collection of reading lists. A theater director might build study for a degree around the writing and producing of a play. A group of experienced community organizers could set up a course of study which required students to rally local support for or against the police, and to try to understand this activity from a variety of perspectives. Former missionaries, AID officials, anthropologists and school teachers might recruit students to teach Congolese children to read, making such "Peace Corps" work the basis for a liberal education rather than a postscript to it as at present. The only common denominator should be that in each case the student should have to do something off campus which engages his interest and forces him to take a responsible, adult role with which he is not familiar. The intellectual effort should be to make sense of this experience.

Such a college would not suit the great majority of teachers or students. It might, however, appeal to a number of individuals who are unhappy with the present system. By creating a context in which non-academicians could play a useful role in educating undergraduates, it might do something to assuage the teacher shortage. More important, it would create a new route into middle-class adult life which did not involve the pursuit of grades, credits and academic skills. Such an alternative would not only speak to the malaise which now grips many campuses, but might in the long run lead to the emergence of a new breed of BA's more willing to learn from experience and more engaged in the world around them.

This is the second of two articles discussing the future of American education.

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Who's Killing the Novel?

by Robert Brustein

A recent special edition of *Book Week* suggests that the novel is dying and inadvertently plunges the knife in further. Two hundred "prominent authors, critics, and editors" were polled to discover what books of fiction out of 10,000 titles published in the last 20 years "were most artful, most truthful, most memorable," and which writers have "created the most substantial body of work during that period." The result of these apparently earnest inquiries is another version of that parlor game invented some years back by *Esquire*, picked up by the women's fashion magazines, perpetuated weekly in the *New York* magazine, and reintroduced each time some editor needs new copy – the ritual listing of the "ins" and the "outs." I suppose it is uncharitable to begrudge the public their celebrities, the intellectuals their diversions, and the editors their space filler, but one can finally have too much of a bad thing: the man who first conceived this hot center approach to culture should be sentenced to an eternity of literary cocktail parties. *Book Week's* version of the culture charade is more restrained and dignified than most, but it demonstrates just as dramatically how much time and talent can be wasted in meaningless pursuits. And it demonstrates, too, how some of the very people who seem most concerned over the health of fiction really have very little interest in literature at all.

Consider the paradox of this special issue. Inside the cover of a magazine which features the faces of contemporary American novelists juxtaposed with photographs of Presidents, Senators, astronauts, and movie stars, one comes upon brief bios and evaluations of the 20 most frequently cited authors, along with a list of the 20 most frequently cited books. The whole enterprise promises some glowing testimony to the robust condition of fiction; yet, most of the critics discussing their choices are upset by the declining state of the novel and the absence of many novelists of great stature. Among the reasons offered for this dearth are the Cold War, the Bomb, pornography, and the absence of style, but the explanation suggested most frequently is that the more important work is being done in non-fiction. This last argument, as a matter of fact, is picked up by Norman Podhoretz and made the occasion for a long essay called "Bringing the News." There he tries to prove, through a series of etymological contortions, that since the "primary role" of the novel in its original meaning was that of "bringing the news," and since the primary function of the novelist, therefore, is that of "news-carrier," few creative writers are working as well today in their fiction as in their essays and reportage. Mr. Podhoretz asks himself: "Is it possible that some other literary form is taking over the job that the novel used to do?"

If one accepts Mr. Podhoretz's premise, then his question is rhetorical – as a medium for "sheer information," fiction cannot possibly compete with nonfiction, and the novelist must yield to the journalist, the sociologist, the psychoanalyst. But the premise is ridiculous. Who can accept a definition of the novel which ignores the elements of story telling, character development, narrative flow, imagination, dialogue, pleasurable form? Why should we be asked to measure literature by the values of entirely different disciplines? I do not wish to be unfair to Mr. Podhoretz's argument. By "news," of course, he means a good deal more than topical happenings, and there is certainly truth in the assumption that *some* of the novel's functions have been preempted by the social sciences. But the writers Mr. Podhoretz admires have not tried their hands at sociology or psychology; they have, rather, been working in a mode of popular journalism; and it is the *novelist as journalist* that he would have us embrace and encourage. This I simply cannot accept. Even in its vaguest meaning, Mr. Podhoretz's definition embodies a secret hostility towards the essence of fiction, an open competitiveness with the artist, and a fallacious assumption that the chief value of literature is to be found in its discursive ideas.

Mr. Podhoretz has been developing this position for a long while now, though he has hitherto been more tentative about it. In the introduction to his recent collection of essays, for example, he confessed that fiction was important to him primarily because it raised "important issues," and that "it was the issues rather than the book itself that I really cared about." At the time, Mr. Podhoretz suspected that his admission was damaging. As a matter of fact, it immediately disqualified him as a critic of literature (though not as a social critic, a role in which he has done valuable work). For while nobody would deny the importance of literary ideas, it is absurd to argue for the predominance of ideas over all other literary values, for who would look to literature for issues that could be much more clearly formulated in rational discourse? Mr. Podhoretz naturally became disappointed in novels, as anyone would be upon eating lamb chops and thinking they were eggs.

The confusion seems willed, for, after all, Mr. Podhoretz is an intelligent man. Behind it, one can detect an effort to capture for the journalist some of the novelist's prestige. Many of Mr. Podhoretz's essays, in fact, express his annoyance at the notion that "novel-writing is the only 'real' writing there is," and, as far back as 1958, in a piece called "The Article as Art," he was already pleading that magazine articles should be considered just as imaginative and aesthetically pleasing as works of fiction. I suppose I should be grateful to Mr. Podhoretz for inflating a form I use into an art form, but I can't help noting that *he* uses it too;

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and it begins to look like special pleading when, after belaboring contemporary novelists for falling below the standards of their form, he goes on to adulate a number of contemporary essayists, most of whom could not hold a candle to Hazlitt, De Quincey, Lamb, or Arnold. One's worst suspicions are confirmed in another recent Podhoretz article called "In Defense of Editing." There the author bears witness to the importance of editors, announcing, with a perfectly straight face, that "the editorial process is a necessity if standards are to be preserved and if the intellectual life in America is not to become wholly compartmentalized and ultimately sterile in spirit." (Mr. Podhoretz is chief editor of *Commentary*). There is something poignant about this writer's effort to elevate whatever profession he happens to be pursuing at the moment, but there is something solipsistic about it too. I am certain that if Mr. Podhoretz ever went into the plumbing business, we would soon have an essay on how the toilet bowl is replacing the book.

I concentrate on Mr. Podhoretz for two reasons: his ideas are shared by a surprising number of like-minded critics, and they can ultimately prove injurious to the cause of art. His conclusion that novelists "are able to move around so much more freely, intelligently, imaginatively, *creatively*, when they are not called upon to tell what they know through the medium of an invented story" shows his own prejudice against the inventive faculty or fancy; but more than that, it is a siren song to writers, an invitation to concentrate on journalism. The majority of fiction writers will undoubtedly remain deaf to the implications of such statements and continue with their creative work, but there are also those who may be tempted to channel off a considerable part of their energies into essays, reviews, memoirs, and reportage. I do not mean to suggest that such work has no value for the novelist. Creative writers have always been attracted to discursive prose forms, and have written some very distinguished nonfiction (though the reverse is equally true – many seem to flounder when they work outside the novel). Even the best of these essay-writing novelists, however, have treated this work as secondary, a pause in the midst of creative labors.

If critics continue to condescend to the novel as a form, writers may begin to take the easier path. The great seductive lure of journalism lies in its directness, heat, and communicability. The journalist is not required to subordinate his own personality to that of imaginary characters, nor does he often have to plod for years on exhausting projects: journalism is the medium of immediate gratification. It is the speediest method of getting an idea into print, and – in a country which worships the literary personality but cannot be bothered to read books – it is also becoming the speediest road to fame and fortune. As a result, journalism is fast developing into a mode of performance – an actor's medium rather than a writer's. One thinks of Tom Wolfe and, even more, of Norman Mailer, who, in ten years, has written only one novel (a potboiler composed in journalistic fashion, as a serial), but

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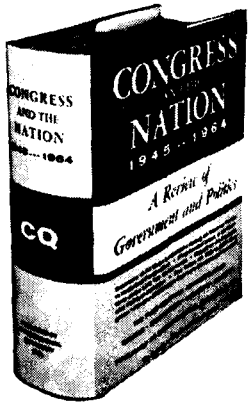

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who has achieved celebrity status primarily on the basis of his reportage. There are those who admire this reportage a good deal more than I do, but even his admirers will usually concede that it is largely a gesture of self-promotion. When Mailer writes off open letters to Castro and Kennedy, when he measures his muscles against those of other contemporary writers, or when he confides to Sonny Liston after his championship fight how Liston can increase the gate of the rematch, we know we are in the presence of a star personality rather than a serious writer – a celebrity who uses prose for the purpose of acting out roles.

Yet, inevitably, Mailer's depressing development – his theatrical strutting and fretting – is described by Podhoretz as an "exemplary career." And why? Because it is "devoted to what I take to be the primary question of American life: whether the pursuit of success need cripple a man spiritually, whether a man can work his way through the corruptions inherent in that pursuit without falling into the equally disabling corruptions inherent in the stance of hypocritical highmindedness." One is grateful to learn what the "primary question of American life" is, and to be told the two possible attitudes one can hold towards it. But there are those who will persist in the delusion that American life offers other alternatives than these, and other primary questions – as, for example, how the artist can do serious work in a culture which is continually exhorting him to do everything but produce art. Actually, Mr. Podhoretz's concern with the "pursuit of success" has nothing whatever to do with the writing of fiction; it is simply a self-conscious idea about the writer's *role*.

Podhoretz describes Mailer as "one of the most powerful and subtle minds I have ever encountered." Yet, the "primary question" they both ask can be answered by any college sophomore. By now, we have had – beside Mailer's – enough "exemplary careers" to prove that gifted men in America are inevitably wasted by the "pursuit of success": F. Scott Fitzgerald is only the most obvious example. But it is essential to remember that even Fitzgerald's pursuit of success would be of little interest today had he not left behind him an important body of work to stimulate interest in his life. Without this literature, we are left with nothing but role-playing, and to pretend that this role-playing has intrinsic value in itself is merely a form of hypocritical lowmindedness. But, in the end, is Podhoretz prescribing for the writer anything more than a role, a stance, a posture? What is he finally telling us but that American writers who are animated by the culture boom and their own appetites for notoriety can reach their goals more quickly through journalistic activity? Where does his advice lead us but precisely to those same degraded values of success that used to be excoriated in American politicians and businessmen?

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Complaint Department

by Stanley V. Anderson

The Ombudsman is an independent commissioner appointed by the legislature to investigate citizens' complaints of bureaucratic abuse. He has the power to compel testimony, the duty to form an opinion, and the right to publish his views. He does not have power to change an administrative decision nor to punish civil servants other than by reprimand.

The Ombudsman: Citizen's Defender
Edited by Donald C. Rowat
(University of Toronto; $8.25)

As a result of Ombudsmanic inquiries, the administration may choose to alter a previous position or to subject an employee to disciplinary proceedings. The former is common, the latter rare. In either case, the authorities act because they are persuaded by the reasonableness of the Ombudsman's views, and not because they are bound by his judgments. Equally important, an agency may revise a troublesome regulation or the legislature may amend an unworkable law, pursuant to the Ombudsman's suggestion.

Sweden provided for a *Justitieombudsman* (JO) – literally, an "agent for justice" – in the Constitution of 1809. Finland, for centuries a part of the Swedish kingdom, followed suit in 1919 after breaking ties with Russia. In the decade from 1952 to 1962, the institution was adopted in Denmark, Norway, New Zealand and West Germany – in the last, for military affairs only. More recently, proposals have been put forward in Australia, Canada, England, Holland and Ireland. This year, Ombudsman bills were dropped in the legislative hoppers of California, Connecticut, Illinois and New York. Another was introduced in the New York City Council. Governor Edmund G. Brown accorded the California bill emergency status before it was defeated in the Senate Committee on Governmental Efficiency; the measure is under interim study awaiting reintroduction by Assembly Speaker Jesse M. Unruh.

The literature on Ombudsmen is ex-

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tensive, but scattered and repetitive. Professor Rowat, chairman of political science at Carleton University in Ottawa, has provided a bench mark by putting 28 articles between two covers. Nearly half of the text explicates existing Ombudsman systems. Next, a few related institutions are described, such as the Army Inspectorate-General and the erstwhile Philippine Presidential Complaints and Action Committee (PCAC). The demise of the latter suggests that the effectiveness of an Ombudsman is limited to marginal defects in administration, and "does not meet the [more basic] need for a rationalization of government power and structure." With a population three times that of Sweden, the PCAC received complaints at a rate of 30 to 1 over the Swedish total of about 2,000 a year.

In the third section of *The Ombudsman: Citizen's Defender*, the editor presents some current proposals. One of these is sponsored by Congressman Henry S. Reuss (D, Wis.), who urges the creation of an Administrative Counsel of the Congress to take some of the load of constituent complaints from Congressmen's shoulders, thereby permitting more time to be devoted to the consideration of legislation. The staff of an Administrative Counsel could develop an expertise which would enhance the efficiency and efficacy of representatives to the executive branch. Besides providing more boon and less doggle, the Administrative Counsel might be able to pinpoint troublespots whose manifestations today are diffused in the offices of 100 Senators and 435 Representatives.

Finally, Professor Rowat has collected ten short essays in a concluding section designed to "present some of the arguments for and against transplanting the institution."

Ombudsman countries range in population from New Zealand's 2,500,000 inhabitants to Sweden's 7,500,000. Would the office be able to function if there were 18,000,000 potential customers (Canada, California, or New York), or if there were 50,000,000 (Great Britain), or 190,000,000 (the United States)?

The New Zealand Ombudsman has testified that with additional staff assistance he could handle four times his present work load, which is somewhat in excess of 1,000 complaints a year. In Sweden, the Civil Ombudsman, the Deputy Civil Ombudsman, and the Military Ombudsman have recently combined forces to allow for more rational distribution of cases. Though not raised in the book under review, it might also be argued that there is a minimum size – perhaps under 500,000 – below which a city or state has small need for an Ombudsman, due to the accessibility of its political leaders.

Must the population in question be homogeneous, as are those in Scandinavia and New Zealand? Would the implementation of an Ombudsman office keep us from attacking more serious problems of public administration?

To resolve these doubts, "the best test is a practical trial, preferably as a limited and reversible experiment," according to Professor Fritz Morstein Marx's essay. In this vein, but independently of the Rowat study, Professor G. V. V. Nicholls has secured the cooperation of the Government of Nova Scotia in permitting the law students at Dalhousie University to serve as unofficial Ombudsmen – a form of legal aid in the administrative sphere.

Further scholarly research might also be useful. For example, legislators sometimes argue that they are already functioning as Ombudsmen. Yet no systematic investigation has ever been made of complaint-handling procedures, or of the number and kind of grievances which enter an elected official's office, whether in the executive or legislative branch. A study in this domain is being carried out by the Institute of Governmental Studies on the Berkeley campus of the University of California. Such inquiry is valuable whether or not an Ombudsman office is instituted, because it permits an appraisal of the adequacy of existing complaint machinery.

The trouble with the lawmaker-as-Ombudsman approach is that some legislators are more able, more interested, and more influential than others. At the state level, many citizens are not aware of this avenue of complaint. In my opinion, the availability of elected officials as buffers between citizen and bureaucracy ought to be widely publicized, particularly if politicians insist upon a monopoly.

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latures have been declining in importance vis-à-vis the executive. The underlying reason may be found in the vast complexity of modern life, which provides the experts of the executive branch with an automatic *fait accompli*. Even as to grievances, lawmakers rely greatly on executive agencies for the evaluation of complaints which legislators receive. To restore the balance, legislatures need to create tightly knit highly qualified counterparts of administrative mammoths. Praiseworthy efforts in this direction may be seen in Congress's Joint Economic Committee, in federal and state Comptrollers-General, and more generally in the professionalization of staff assistance for Congressmen and state legislators, their committees and reference libraries. There has, however, been little professionalization of the complaint handling function.

The Rowat book, then, is timely and provocative. But if the Ombudsman idea is going to be more than words, it will have to burst the confines of academic speculation and be tested in one or more of our 50 state "laboratories." Success in Scandinavia and New Zealand would seem to justify the experiment: the Ombudsman has served as a homeopathic cure for some of the common ailments of bureaucracy – slowness, rudeness, obtuseness and error – and proved to be a prompt, inexpensive and flexible means of helping to keep administration prompt, inexpensive and flexible.

Joe Gould's Masterpiece

by Joseph Epstein

Not the artists but the kooks, the cranks, the crackpots, and the eccentrics have always given Greenwich Village its tone. E. E. Cummings may have sat in a Village garret quietly composing his poems, but more emblematic of the place is the shaggy figure of Maxwell Bodenheim selling his verse door-to-door down on Bleeker Street. Bodenheim is now dead and so is Joe

Joe Gould's Secret
by Joseph Mitchell
(Viking; $4.50)

Gould, the wildest of the Village wildmen and the subject of Joseph Mitchell's excellent new book. Yet there seems to be an ever-replenishing supply and the tradition, such as it is, continues. Not so long ago I was hit up in the Village by a bearded specter who inquired, as casually as one might ask the time of day, "May I have all your change?" I forked over a fifty-cent piece and, having retained a quarter and a dime, felt I had got away with something. "Madam," Joe Gould once told a lady at a Village party, "it is the duty of the bohemian to make a spectacle of himself. If my informality leads you to believe that I'm a rum-dumb, or that I belong in Bellevue, hold fast to that belief, hold fast, hold fast, and show your ignorance."

Joe Gould never failed in his duty to make a spectacle of himself. From the photograph of him on the dustjacket of *Joe Gould's Secret*, he looks like a Hasid on the bum, a kind of wild-eyed and begrimed Martin Buber. "He was," in the words of a receptionist at *The New Yorker*, "a terribly dirty little man, and terribly nosy." He used to bill himself as the last of the bohemians. "Let me introduce myself," he would say upon sighting a likely prospect. "The name is Joseph Ferdinand Gould, a graduate of Harvard, *magna cum difficultate*, class of 1911, and chairman of the board of Weal and Woe, Incorporated. In exchange for a drink I'll recite a poem, deliver a lecture, argue a point, or take off my shoes and imitate a sea gull. I prefer gin, but beer will do."

The line about Harvard was true; Gould had indeed gone there. He descended from a New England family that traced its line back to 1630 in America and, according to him, the 12th Century in England. As a boy growing up in Norwood, Massachusetts, he was what he termed "ambisinistrous," or left-handed in both hands. He disappointed his parents by

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not becoming, like his father and grandfather, a physician. After leaving Harvard he became interested in eugenics, pursued his interest by measuring the heads of Indians in North Dakota, and then decided to go into "literary work," which meant a job as assistant Police Headquarters reporter for the old *New York Evening Mail.*

It was while working on *The Evening Mail* that Gould took inspiration from a line by Yeats: "The history of a nation is not in parliaments and battlefields, but in what people say to each other on fair days and high days, and in how they farm, and quarrel, and go on pilgrimage." Gould determined to write just such a history, to be entitled "An Oral History of Our Time." He would spend the remainder of his life "going about the city listening to people – eavesdropping, if necessary – and writing down what I heard that sounded revealing to me, no matter how boring or idiotic or vulgar or obscene it might sound to others." His Oral History, he claimed, would do for New York what Gibbon did for Rome, though he always criticized Gibbon's remoteness from his subject.

It didn't take long for word of Gould's project – and its progress – to get around. In 1934, *The Herald-Tribune* reported that the Oral History was 7,300,000 words long. In 1937, the same paper noted that it had grown to 8,800,000 words. And in 1941 *PM* cited Gould as "an author who has written a book taller than himself." The following year, Joseph Mitchell, *The New Yorker's* finest reporter in a distinguished tradition of reportage, and a man with a generous and sensitive interest in eccentrics, decided to write a profile of Gould. "I understand you want to write something about me," Gould said to Mitchell on first meeting, "and I greet you at the beginning of a great endeavor."

Certainly it was to be more of an endeavor than Mitchell could have known at the time. The relationship began with Gould cadging breakfast – the first of Mitchell's many contributions to The Joe Gould Fund. At that first meeting Gould talked about his favorite subject, Joe Gould, rambling on in his discursive way about his boyhood in Norwood, his ability to understand the language of sea gulls, his life in the Village, and his great Oral History. He also gave Mitchell copies of four magazines which had run fragments from the Oral History: Ezra Pound's *Exile, Pagany, Broom,* and *Dial.* The *Dial* piece, published in April 1929, was his pride; "the triumph of my life," he called it. The young William Saroyan read it and later proclaimed Gould "one of the few genuine and original American writers." Three issues later the magazine went under, and Gould wrote a poem about its demise:

> "Who killed the *Dial?*"
> "Who killed the *Dial?*"
> "I," said Joe Gould,
> "With my inimitable style,
> I killed the *Dial.*"

After several more interviews, some lasting eight and ten hours, all presumably involving *The New Yorker's* picking up the tab for the great quantities of gin and beer that Gould soaked up, Mitchell sat down to write his profile. His greatest obstacle was Gould himself, who continually nagged him with such new points of information as that he had changed the title of the Village section of the Oral History from "An Infinitude of Bushwa" to "The Bughouse Without Bars, or Descents by Day and Descents by Night Into the Intellectual Underworld of Our Time." When the profile finally appeared, on December 12, 1942, it brought Gould considerable attention. He received a great deal of mail about it, contributions to The Joe Gould Fund were stepped up, and he was signed on as house bohemian at a Village tavern, which provided him with free meals in exchange for his sitting at a front table and chatting with tourists (out of the majority of whom he wrangled further contributions to The Joe Gould Fund).

The original profile has been reprinted as the first segment of *Joe Gould's Secret.* It is a standard Mitchell piece – which is very good – but tells nowhere near the whole story. For Mitchell was by no means through with Gould after the 1942 profile appeared. Gould began using Mitchell's office as a mailing address, and would make regular trips to pick up his mail during which he would gab away for two, three hours at a

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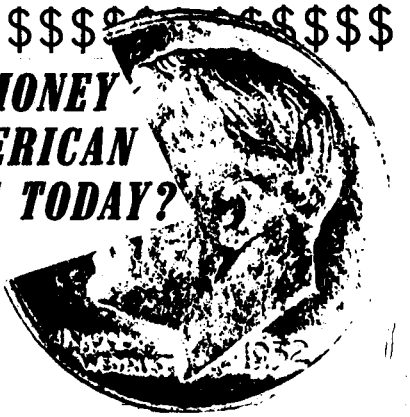

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Old "laws" don't make sense any more. Even the ancient dogma that art is immortal is toppling as capsules rocket into infinity, send back photographs of possibly inhabited planets in their courses and give man an immensely broader concept of Time, Distance and his own destiny. "Nobody can know what art works will still seem beautiful a million years from now," say the realists. "Let's stop being naive."

Younger men are also rebelling. They resent finding themselves in a world in which, so they are told, all the greatest poems, dramas, paintings and music have been already created, and have been built into an insurmountable *wall of perfection*. "Tear it down, and give us a chance to see what's on the other side," they demand.

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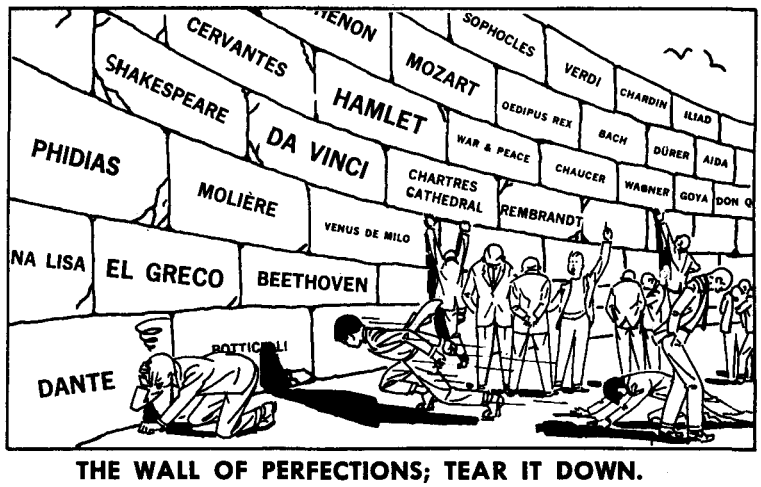
Obvious truths such as those pictured in Cartoons 1 and 2, are honestly discussed and analyzed instead of being brushed aside because they deny immortalism.

How man's immature yearnings (or wishful-thinkings) are taken advantage of by critics for their own benefit is shown in Cartoon #4. *Don't be a "Sad Sam"*. And in Cartoon #5 we see the fatal error which has transformed a potentially honest profession into a quackery — the denial of fatigue and the escape into mystic clairvoyance (or second-sight) as the only way to justify eternal verdicts.

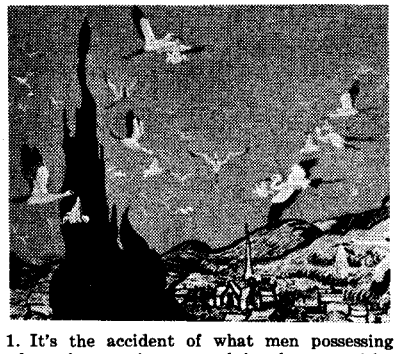
Finally, in Cartoon #6 is a satirical — but nonetheless truthful — depiction of the tight discipline critics maintain amongst themselves in order to present a seemingly solid front against the increasingly virulent attacks on their principles.

However it must not be concluded from this that the Conjecturist books and pamphlets, here listed, are mainly an exposure of superstitions inherited from the Dark Ages and long since outgrown without our having become aware of the fact.

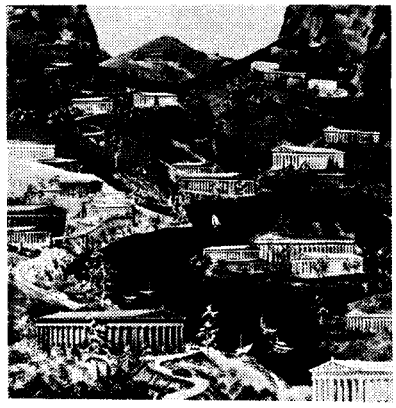


THE WALL OF PERFECTIONS; TEAR IT DOWN.

Admire and respect the men and art works composing it but don't let anybody make you think they are immortal or perfection. There's no surer way to destroy man than to confront him with a wall and make him think he can't go beyond it. It's death by inanition and despair.



1. It's the accident of what men possessing what talents arrive on earth in what quantities and at what times that usually decides which art works are considered "great", and not the qualities in the art works themselves. A sudden surge of "Type A" men, all possessing a special skill in creating (or in understanding) Type A art, will soon reduce that type of art to mediocrity no matter how superior it had previous been considered.



2. Too many Parthenons! As soon as you admit that an art work can continue being "immortal" only if *certain things don't happen*, you are admitting, in effect, that it is not really immortal at all. What counts is how fast you tire of it.

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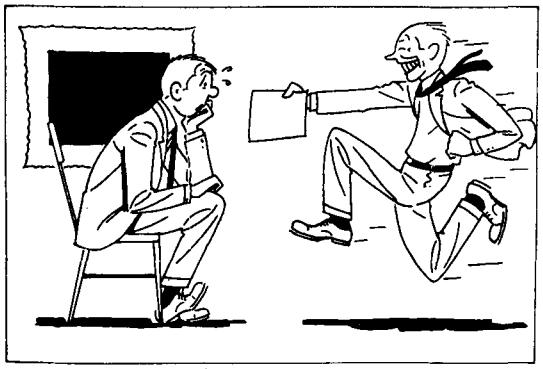
Conjecturism regards art works as humanly created exploits, the natural results of man's continuing intellectual advance.

They can be temporarily appraised according to their success (or failure) in correcting the emotional imbalances into which men have been "conditioned" by the course of events. But this correcting (or bestowing of pleasure) is usually soon absorbed into the over-all structure and the art works which brought it about eventually become neutral elements or flavors — like a single color in painting or the chord CEG in music — to be kept on hand for the appropriate occasions, and differing from other flavors only according to their inherent complexities or resistance to reiteration. After that has happened they can then be historically appraised on an intellectual — instead of emotional — basis, much as we might appraise the achievements of Copernicus, Mendel, Kant, Röntgen or the Wright Brothers.



4. *SAD SAM.* "It scares me to think no art work exists I can't eventually tire of."

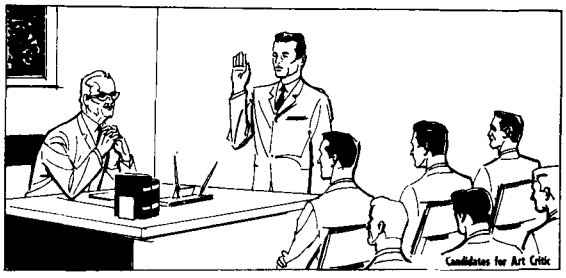
CRITIC. Why of course, my boy. That's what we critics are for — to get you out of that dreadful mood. Here's a long list of art works that are absolutely immortal. You'll enjoy them forever; like being in paradise. And now there's the matter of what you owe me for my services.

Critics Playing the Clairvoyant
Don't Let Them Bluff You

"and the spontaneous delight that everyone feels before the Parthenon sculptures will last as long as the human race rejoices in the name of man."

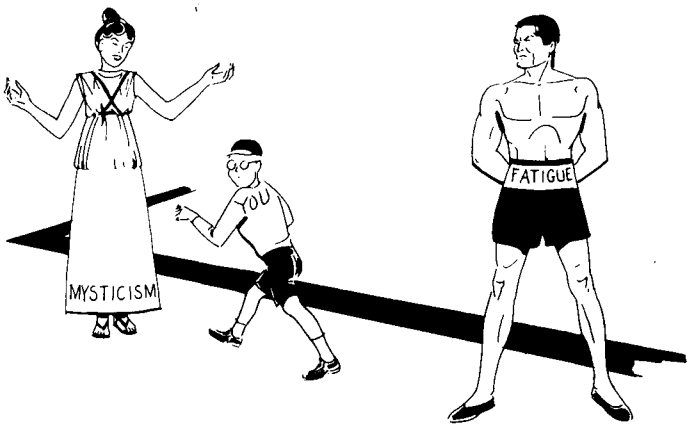
"Language greatly used has all the sanction of a sacrament: the race is as incapable of forgetting a great poem as it is of losing its last wish under the stars."

"No words that man can any more set side by side can ever affect the mind again like some of the great passages of Homer."



6.

Chief Examiner:	Do you believe art is immortal?
Candidate:	Yes, sir; I do.
Chief Examiner:	Do you swear to keep on saying so even when you don't believe it any more?
Candidate:	Uh . . uh . . Yes, sir; I do.
Chief Examiner:	Throw him out; he hesitated. Next!



5. "You're imagining things, dear. There's nobody there. Come to Mommy."

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stretch. "He would sit on the edge of an old swivel chair in a corner of my office," Mitchell writes, "his portfolio on his lap, his clothes smelling of the fumigants and disinfectants used in flophouses, rheumy-eyed, twisting, scratching, close to hysteria, and he would talk on and on and on. His subject was always the same – himself."

Mitchell figured the best way of getting Gould off his back was to set him on someone else's. He tried to interest him in publishing a book of selections from the Oral History. Although Gould had previously claimed he dragged the work into the offices of fourteen different publishers, he now demurred. He failed to show up for an interview Mitchell had arranged for him at Harcourt, Brace; and during an interview with one of the owners of Duell, Sloan, and Pearce, he insisted the work be published in its entirety – the manuscript, according to his calculations would by now have been well over seven feet high – and anyhow, he added, he had always planned for the Oral History to appear posthumously.

In a moment of anger at Gould and his impossible, infuriating ways, Mitchell hit on the truth about Joe Gould's Oral History: *it didn't exist.* All these years Gould had been writing and rewriting the same four or five fragments. Mitchell confronted him with it, but the fates intervened: a visitor walked into Mitchell's office and Gould walked out without having to confess he had been caught out.

Mitchell saw Gould only infrequently afterward, but it began to become apparent that he was drifting the way of all bohemians – all bohemians, that is, who don't drift into advertising. Contributions to the Joe Gould Fund became harder to come by, he lost his job as bohemian-in-residence at the Village joint, and his health – always wretched – began to fall off badly. Then a mysterious patron came to his aid and paid his room and board in a small walk-up on 33rd Street. He never found out who his patron was, and for a time the search to discover who had come to his support nearly drove him mad. In time, however, the patron dropped off. Gould gravitated back to the Village, the only place where an oddball and outcast like himself ever felt at home. By now he had grown old, and his insides could not take the beating of bad food, worse booze, and sleeping out of doors.

Late in 1952, he turned up at Bellevue. He had been found wandering the streets, confused and disoriented, and was dying of arteriosclerotic senility. At Bellevue he was apathetic, sat on his bed and stared into the distance, though every once in a while he would spring up and do his sea gull imitation. He died on August 18, 1957.

In one of his fragments, published in *Pagany*, Gould had written: "I would judge the sanest man to be him who most firmly realizes the tragic isolation of humanity and pursues his essential purposes calmly. I suppose I feel about it in this way because I have a delusion of grandeur. I believe myself to be Joe Gould."

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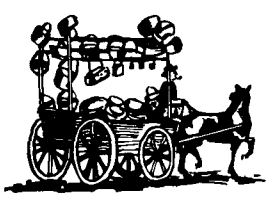

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The Idea of Europe

by Charles Burton Marshall

Ereb, as Denis de Rougemont explains, was an ancient Semitic term meaning "west." A Phoenician princess, borne to Crete by disguised Jupiter, had a cognate name. The Europa myth supplied a term to denote the western peninsulas of the eastern hemisphere's landmass and their appurtenant islands. In the early 1400's Pope Pius II originated the adjective *European* for the area, the peoples, and the culture beginning to be stirred by a revival of curiosity.

Decline and Rise of Europe
by John Lukacs
(Doubleday; $4.95)
The Meaning of Europe
Denis de Rougemont
(Stein & Day; $3.95)

Europe was boxed in then by two Islamic empires lying back to back – one of them Arabic, extending from Senegal in the west to Bengal in the east and commanding the Indian Ocean; the other Iranic, dominant from the Balkans to China's border and ranging north to the Volga's midcourse.

Within a century, improvements in navigation and ship design enabled the outflanking of the one obstacle and brought the moment when the oceans suddenly became European. In the mid-1500's defeat of the Tartars at Kazan overcame the second obstacle and opened Asia to three centuries of Russian expansion.

Thus the modern era, in which the globe was brought into one span of cognition, got under way. The process radiated from Europe. Europe became the world's center, as reflected in maps on the Mercator projection and in our system of keeping track of time. The centralness of Europe, according to de Rougemont's argument, is a unique reality. Turn a globe so that the half

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which contains all the continents except Australia and Antartica – and almost all the people – is uppermost, and the polar point will be found in France. Europe, so the argument goes, is at the heart of the privileged hemisphere.

De Rougemont, author of *The Meaning of Europe*, heads a cultural center. John Lukacs, whose *Decline and Rise of Europe* deals with a companion theme, teaches and writes history. Both are intent to do their urbane best to uphold the undiminished right of Europe to be regarded as the hub of civility. Factors of location, terrain, climate, culture, ethnics, and ethics are marshaled in support. Both trace to origins in Europe the main ideas which figure over the world at large. Has Europe yielded ascendancy along with the loss of empire? Both scoff at the idea. The ex-colonial regimes are mostly engaged in trying to emulate European models. Most of the new polities have to use European languages to conduct such public life as they have. Europe is the exemplar, if no longer master, and the new role fits better than the old. So they both contend.

What of the subordination, after World War II, of Europe to its American offshoot and to Russia, that perpetually ambiguous mixture of East and West? In either case, they would call it just a matter of partial eclipse to be spoken of now in a past tense. "For . . . fifteen years," Lukacs recalls, "the fate of Europe depended on Russian and American decisions." Since 1956—the Suez crisis year – the super-powers have been losing their hold. With the one's help, and despite the other's hindrance, Europe is back on its feet now and no more willing to be patronized by the one than bulldozed by the other. Both authors sound trumpets for what they discern as a European spirit – an emerging general consciousness that will fulfill the unit implicit in the term invoked by Pius II.

De Rougemont's essay is good when it expounds culture. It trails off into vagueness when it becomes exhortatory. I enjoyed the book and shall probably turn to it again, but I shall probably skip the portions urging European federation without ever getting down to particulars on what is meant. The argument for such federation as a way to provide a saving example to distraught emerging nations is important if true, but I wish the line of the argument were traced rather than merely asserted. De Rougemont says his book "is not about politics." The trouble is that these ideas are about politics.

"No definition of Europe will do," Lukacs writes. "It is not only that the edges are ambiguous . . .; it is that the definition is not static . . .; the *historical* development of the idea of Europe *is* the idea of Europe." After reading that sort of circularity, I feel as if I know less than before. Nevertheless, the Lukacs book is full of erudite insights. The footnotes are as resourceful as the text. I was entertained to learn that Winston Churchill's "iron curtain" metaphor originated with Goebbels.

FILMS

Early Success, Recent Fiasco

One of the best postwar Italian films is at last available in this country in its original version. Luchino Visconti made *La Terra Trema* (*The Earth Trembles*) in 1948. This two-and-three-quarter-hour picture has been seen in many countries in various versions; in Italy itself, it was shown with a dubbed sound-track – pure Italian as against the original Sicilian. Now we can see

La Terra Trema (New Yorker)
The Loved One (MGM)

it as Visconti made it, for which we must – once more – be grateful to Dan Talbot, the manager of the New Yorker Theatre in Manhattan who has imported it and is spurring its general American distribution.

Visconti planned a three-part work of which this was to be only the first part, to be subtitled *Episode of the Sea*. The trilogy was never completed, although cheery analogists may claim that *Rocco and His Brothers* – a greatly inferior and much more widely seen work – is the second part. *La Terra Trema* is set in the Sicilian fishing village of Acitrezza, and its cast is composed entirely of natives. Its theme is man's fight to live in the face of the cruelty of nature and of his fellow-man; thus it will sound old-fashioned to the modern sensibility, as indeed it is – innocent of any of the additional colors we now see in the proletarian thesis. But the subject is so genuinely embraced and so lovingly executed that the film's virtues are not mere compensation for simplicity of idea, they make that simplicity welcome.

We follow the fortunes of a family of poor fishermen: Toni, who is the oldest son, his brothers and sisters, his lately widowed mother, his grandfather. Every evening the males, including the old man and the smallest boy, go to sea with a fleet of fishing boats that have lamps on their prows to attract the fish. (Once I traveled to Italy by sea, and after eleven days on the January Atlantic, the first sign of land was the lamp of such a boat, in the early dawn off Palermo. As the large cozy liner sailed by, the fishermen stood in their freezing open boat and waved and shouted welcomes.) Their boat does not belong to the family; they work for the wholesalers, who control prices. Toni

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is the first to rebel against this exploitative system. He mortgages the house to buy a boat, and the venture begins happily. Then (the tragic flaw, I suppose) he stubbornly insists on sailing out in bad weather. The boat is badly damaged, past the family's ability to repair it. They lose their home; Toni sinks in despondency and enforced idleness. At last the wholesalers complete their vengeance by rehiring him and his brothers. Concurrent with this quite predictable story are the accounts of his fiancée who snubs him when he fails, his next oldest brother who leaves home to seek work (a painful wrench in that society), and his younger sister who succumbs to the local police chief. There is also a quiet romance between his older sister and a mason, done with reticent peasant dignity.

A story that was either more novel or complex would have worked against Visconti's purpose: to let the lives of these people flow past, to let the characters create themselves. Before long they are individualized at the same time that they become parts of a community in a routine. We soon turn up their street with them and into their house with the pleasant semi-tedium of familiarity. Visconti's style is neo-realism at its best; he has unobtrusively induced these people to give a "new" (reconstructed) reality to the facts of life as they know them. There are moments throughout that seem a little slow, but forbearance rewards us with the purpose of this tempo: the re-creation of a rhythm of slow and broad oceanic swells.

Visconti's honesty is the chief beauty of the film. Unlike so much of his work since then, there is no patent exploitation of grim materials, no attempts at dazzling virtuoso direction. There is nothing here but sheer concern, effectively expressed in self-effacing art. A more cynical writer-director could have shown Toni succeeding in his venture and eventually becoming a wholesaler himself; a more sentimental one could have shown Toni, after his *debacle*, resolving to fight the exploiters unto death. (For his failure to do this last, Visconti was called a defeatist by many Italian leftists.) Both of these alternatives might have had some truth in them, but Visconti was after a larger truth: not one individual's struggle but the essentially changeless continuum of the fight for existence.

He also resisted any temptation to make lovely pictures (a worrisome flaw in Flaherty's comparable *Man of Aran*). The opportunities were plentiful, but Visconti knew that the fleet of boats putting out to sea is not pretty to the fishermen, and the anxious women scanning the horizon for a missing boat do not feel nobly statuesque.

To see *La Terra Trema* so belatedly, out of sequence in the chronology of Italian film, is to have an explanatory light cast on much that has happened since. For instance, it is now possible to be even fonder of De Seta's *Bandits of Orgosolo*, which deals with Sardinian shepherds, or Olmi's two films about factory-workers in Milan and Sicily. They honor Visconti by having learned well from him. On the other hand, it casts a sadder light on Visconti himself, for in his subsequent work he has often interposed himself between the audience and his subjects.

Probably the best that film-makers could have done with Evelyn Waugh's *The Loved One* was to leave it alone; but the difficulties of filming it do not excuse the barbarously botched version directed by Tony Richardson from a screenplay by Terry Southern and Christopher Isherwood. The latter's hand is not clearly evident in the script. Southern has obviously been brought in, as a result of his service on *Dr. Strangelove*, to supply material about missiles, the Air Force, and a re-use of the word "prevert." What was tonally appropriate in Kubrick's film and humorously pertinent, is distorted here into mere trend-following. Southern seems in some danger of becoming the official black-humorist to the studios.

The fuddling of the film is quickly apparent. Before the titles Dennis, the hero, is on an airliner approaching Los Angeles; the woman next to him leaves her baby with him for a moment against his will. Discomfort; fadeout. Then, under the titles, we hear *America the Beautiful*. Then, in response to the Immigration Officer's question, Dennis says he has worked as an AID – an artificial insemination donor. Within five minutes, the pattern is established; trite and heavy gags alternating with terribly strained attempts at the daring.

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The main question is not taste but comic sense, of which the film has little.

Changes in the original novel were inevitable, but few are successful. Most of what makes us laugh is from the original, but much of what is retained is bunglingly done (the love scene in the cemetery, the funeral ode). Most of what has been added goes quite past satire to incredibility: the characters behave so cretinously that we feel either they must be aware of the fact or they are insane. One example out of dozens: fat Mrs. Joyboy's gluttony is so overdone that we cannot believe that her son would not expect his girl to be disgusted. When, later, Mrs. Joyboy pulls over her refrigerator in her greed and Dennis joins her in eating the mishmash of foods and sauces on the floor, all we are aware of is the sidelines laughter of Messrs. Richardson and Southern, congratulating themselves on their deviltry. It makes nonsense out of Dennis' character.

Or it would if, by that time, there were still any substance to destroy. All that I was able to enjoy was Jonathan Winters' dual performance as Hollywood hack and cemetery mogul and the use of Liberace as a smarmy coffin salesman. John Gielgud, who can play comedy, does not, as Sir Francis Hinsley. Rod Steiger is uncomfortable and amateurish as Mr. Joyboy; versatility is a splendid aim but here it remains only an aim. Anjanette Comer, as Miss Thanatogenos, has a whining voice and no slightest hint of acting ability. But the fundamental miscasting that ruins the film before it starts is the use of the talented American actor Robert Morse as Dennis. In *The Journal of The Loved One*, a book even more repellent than the film, Southern writes: "Many people consider it absolute folly that Richardson has picked an American to play the role. It is obviously an eccentric choice, but surely he must know what he is doing. . . ." O ye of too much faith. Morse's English accent is sporadic and spurious, but what is worse, he completely lacks the upperclass air that effortlessly envelops an English gentleman even in a menial job. At the pet cemetery Morse looks as if he were working his way through Indiana U., not – as a gentleman would – as if he were quite consciously *not* slumming. An actor like James Fox in

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the part could not have redeemed this film but by his intrinsic quality could have given it some of the Waugh flavor – cruel wit and cool disgust – without which it is just a spineless farrago of collegiate gags.

I was in the small minority of those who disliked *Tom Jones*, in which Richardson's comic talents were hailed. This film continues his substitution of frenzy for *brio*, laboriousness for Falstaffian largeness, hectic cutting for light-fingered rhythm. Perhaps in this case, without beautiful color and 18th-Century costumes, with a largely inferior cast, it may be seen that Emperor Richardson is nearly naked.

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ART

Moderns in the White House

The differences between the art you find in the actual living quarters of the President and that you find in the two wings of connecting offices reflect the differences in function. Besides its residential function, the Mansion proper, at least in its public rooms, is used mainly for ceremonials: including state dinners or meetings of unpaid committees of distinguished citizens. These public rooms are marvelously suited to their purposes, imparting an air of elegance and high resolve, but without parting completely from the basic sobriety that informed the Republic in its early days. There are dozens of palaces, castles, chateaux and private estates all over Europe that far outclass the White House in spaciousness and richness. The White House reminds our Chief Magistrate that he is no prince. It's a great house, but it is by design not a palace. As I noted last week, within the house there is a steadily improving suite of paintings of former occupants. Accompanying this run of portraits from the past is a run – also improving in leaps and bounds – of American paintings from early still life and landscape of the Peales and all but anonymous middle-European immigrants, to a quite recently acquired and superb Homer marine. Battles are recalled; treaties with the Indians, the long process of building the Capitol itself. Surrounded by these pictures, the visitor, tourist or subject of ceremonial is economically and effectively introduced into the stream of history that flows through the rooms he is in.

Then we move from the Mansion rooms to the adjoining workshops. Especially in the East Wing, the interiors are "basic government," which is to say they are without style. The whole wing could be transplanted into any of a dozen buildings and you wouldn't know it. Here are the government-issue furnishings, somewhat cramped proportions and ubiquitous framed cards alongside doors with names, letters and numbers, always suggesting, to the outsider, some mysterious code. The overwhelming impression is impersonality.

In such a world, art must perform a quite different function from what it is called upon to do elsewhere, including the White House proper. It must, among other things, represent reality. This representation function of art has very little to do with "the representational" in art, although the two meanings employ the same word. Representational art can indeed represent the real world in a slightly unreal environment, but it does so less through what it shows from the outside world than through what it is itself, namely a product of intense human perception and creation. It isn't, after all, the New Mexican, adobe, Indian church that reaches us in a painting by Georgia O'Keeffe; the church here presented is only the occasion for the reality that comes across, which is the complex activity of the artist in seeing the church as a severe geometrical structure of planes in beige and shadow, and in uniting that vision in – perhaps really achieving that vision in – the modest but powerful arrangement of paint upon canvas.

The O'Keeffe hangs in the press lobby, the most unceasingly public of all the rooms in the whole ensemble. The

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lobby is dominated by a full-length Stuart Washington, and that is the last link, in the office parts of the complex, with the formal record of the past as seen in the portraits and paintings of the Mansion. The O'Keeffe is joined by a whole group of works by her peers and contemporaries, some a bit earlier, some a bit younger than she. There is a magnificent smaller Sheeler city scene, in which the street seems at once solid asphalt and a watery, reflective surface; the geometrical effects of his industrial landscape are doubled. John Sloan may be seen in a picnic scene wherein city people out for the day lean at each other around the white-washed trunks of trees in the picnic ground: more suggestive of Renoir than usual, not at all in the paint management or composition, but in the attitude toward urban holiday-making among artisans and mechanics and their girl friends. The tendency followed in the lobby and in the adjoining offices and corridors is pretty much toward the thoroughly established contemporary, or at any rate 20th-Century, Americans. There is a fine scintillating Burchfield recalling that early picture of his of the house on a snowy night that comes as close as an artist can to Walt Disney without tumbling over into the abyss. There are perhaps a dozen in all.

In both East and West wing offices, some six months ago there began a loan program from and through the Nation Collection of Fine Arts, a name which is rising rapidly from long obscurity toward a position of considerable importance in the American art world. The loan program makes available to White House workers a changing reserve of paintings and prints – no sculpture so far; no doubt it will come. The system is simple. The occupier of the office presents himself at the Smithsonian and mucks about in the ready reserve until he finds something that takes his fancy. Or he can ask for something. The service is available to the higher clericals as well as to the actual office-holders and aides to the President or the First Lady. At the moment prints predominate and some very good ones, too, mostly the class and variety that would turn up in the Print Council's extravaganzas every three years, plus a few that probably would not get through the rather elaborate jurying systems the Council seems addicted to. At least one aide's office is decorated with a grouping of 19th-Century miniatures, but most customers of the service stick to prints. Harold Altman is much in evidence; Warrington Colescott and Dean Meeker may be seen. Richard Anuskiewicz comes on strong in a couple of offices and will certainly be a central figure in a small exhibition now being installed in the East Wing corridors which will survey as much of the Op world as can be taken in without getting three-dimensional and kinetic.

The presence of Anuskiewicz, with his inescapable optical-philosophical problems, is as good an example as one could wish for the service of art to the imprisoned workers. If you contemplate an Anuskiewicz very long you speedily grasp that what is a line, or positive, at one point, becomes space, or negative, in the next. Something of the same thing happens with the contrasting colors, in addition to their effects of scintillation. The observer, especially one who has chosen such a work, is thereby forced into a moment's thought about the way in which things become their opposites and similar questions, all very relevant to assistants in the Presidential enterprise.

The National Collection, the sensitive and intelligent instrument of an emerging Presidential purpose in art, has lately been given charge of the red building at the corner of Pennsylvania and 17th, variously known as the old Court of Claims and the old Corcoran Gallery. Therein will be installed an endless series of exhibitions for the benefit of guests lodged at Blair House next door. In this way art at the White House under the Johnsons will be international.

FRANK GETLEIN

NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

Robert Brustein's *book* Seasons of Discontent *has just been published by Simon and Schuster.* Stanley V. Anderson *is on the Political Science faculty of the University of California at Santa Barbara.* Joseph Epstein *was formerly an editor of* The New Leader.

Teachers

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A COMMUNICATION

Poverty's Armchair Generals

About two months ago, an enterprising *New York Times* reporter fell upon some facts which he neatly tied together and got himself a seemingly good story. "Six Shriver Aids Quitting" was the lead. Since then, dozens of unenterprising reporters have been rewriting that story over and over again, adding a gossipy wrinkle here and there, and declaiming the collapse of the poverty program as a consequence. "Administrative shambles" is the favorite phrase.

Not, however, until I read James Ridgeway's rewrite of the story in the October 9 *New Republic* ("Why the Poverty War Seems a Muddle") did I resent this journalistic rubbish. His concluding sentence surely deserves some kind of prize:

> "It might end with the people who came to work in hopes of ending poverty believing that their own livelihoods depend on perpetuating the existence of the poor."

If this were included in a sarcastic or flippant piece, it could be dismissed as silly and tasteless. As part of a serious piece on the poverty program, it is reckless and mean. Moreover, after rereading the piece several times, I still find nothing in it that even remotely supports the statement. It is just a gratuitous and irresponsible calumny. Hundreds of talented, dedicated, sensitive OEO staffers – who continue to work 80 and 90 hours a week, who for months worked without pay, who are daily turning down better job offers – don't rate this kind of abuse.

The real question is: How is the *war* on poverty doing? – not the *warriors*. But before I get to that, let's get the story straight abut the six who "quit."

The original *Times* piece was based on the fact that in early August there were six senior officials of the Office of Economic Opportunity who had either just left (Dick Boone), were planning to leave soon (Jack Conway, Bill Haddad, Holmes Brown), or had decided that they could not stay much longer (Gillis Long, Otis Singletary.) Brown and Haddad did leave in September, and Conway in October. It may be months before Long and Singletary leave.

What it adds up to, then, is that over a six or seven months period, a half dozen (out of about 50) senior people will have left OEO. There are few government agencies or private organizations or business enterprises where such a rate of turnover would be considered particularly unusual. But the portant fact is that last year supersalesman Sargent Shriver had persuaded each of the men, except Boone, to come for a limited time to help get the program going. Conway, for example, never made a secret of the fact that he would have to return to the AFL-CIO Industrial Union Department after Labor Day. Singletary has already exceeded the time he had planned to be away from the University of North Carolina, of which he is Chancellor. Dick Boone, quite understandably and dutifully, could not resist the invitation to help build a great private counterpart to the official war on poverty – the Citizen's Crusade Against Poverty. He served the war magnificently on the inside and now he can continue to serve it on the outside.

The six will be sorely missed. They are all good men. But the war will continue, and they would be the first to say so. Already, successors to Conway, Brown, Haddad, and Long are on the job. Three of them left lucrative, important positions to come. Ed May, the Pulitzer Award reporter, is taking over the inspection post from Haddad. Singletary won't leave until and unless another effective Job Corps Director is selected.

The yen to be associated with OEO is as great as ever. Successful and talented men and women from every walk of life are anxious to come and serve. Even I, with no recruitment responsibilities, spend 8 to 10 hours a week seeing people who want to join our ranks.

Is everybody happy about everything at OEO? Is everybody in love with Shriver? Will nobody ever leave because of disagreement? Is it a perfectly tidy operation, where all calls and letters are answered immediately, where checks get mailed out exactly on time, where mistakes are never made? Of course not. Are there serious problems of organization, of coordination, of adequate staff at all levels? Of course there are.

And how could there not be? The Congress gave OEO ten new programs to develop and administer – in addition to looking at the whole range of federal poverty-related programs. The response from the country has been substantially greater than anybody pre-

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dicted – from the communities, from private agencies, from volunteers, from Congressmen – and, most important, from the poor themselves. It has been impossible, despite heroic efforts to keep up with the demands on OEO, or to avoid some snafus.

But if OEO were the "administrative shambles" that some critics say it is, we could not point to the phenomenal record of achievement during the short twelve months since Congress first appropriated funds for the program. This may sound like a self-serving statement – but here are some solid *facts* – facts available to all, including enterprising reporters!

Fact: As of September 29, 1965, OEO made 1,139 separate Community Action grants for a total of $225 million to about 700 communities. Each grant required careful evaluation of the representativeness of the governing body, assurances of civil rights adherence, and involvement of the poor – as well as professional judgment of each program component.

Fact: Project Head Start, conceived in January, reached 561,000 pre-school children by June – as a result of the careful and expeditious processing of 2,398 separate grants for 13,344 Child Development Centers. Forty thousand teachers had to be selected and trained, in addition to hundreds of thousands of semi-professional and volunteer assistants.

Fact: Over 350,000 participants have benefitted from the work experience (and income) of the Neighborhood Youth Corps, run by the Labor Department under delegation from OEO.

Fact: Sixty-six Job Corps Centers are opened and functioning, with 13,119 young men and women already assigned. More than 271,000 application cards have been received and processed. First graduates have already moved back to school or college, to armed forces, or to jobs. Drop-out rate is less than anticipated.

Fact: Over 1,400 VISTA (Domestic Peace Corps) volunteers on assignment or in training. (About twice the first year's Peace Corps record.) Volunteers are working in 29 Urban and 126 Rural projects – on Indian reservations, migrant labor streams, Appalachian hollows, urban slums.

There are many other statistical evidences of progress. But I think the real story of the first year is not to be found in numbers alone. It is the story of the realization by America that there is indeed a problem of an "other America." It is the story of involvement of the poor themselves in shaping and administering the programs aimed at lifting them out of, not just easing, their poverty. It is the story of breakthroughs in new community services for the poor: credit unions, consumer services, legal services, family planning, delivery of health services, migrant labor programs. It is the story of dramatic programs like *Upward Bound* (identifying impoverished, poorly educated high-school students and helping them into and through college); or like *Foster Grandparents* (giving older Americans a chance to help institutionalized children).

Yes, it is the story of Clarksburg, Mississippi, where NAACP President Aaron Henry serves on the governing board of the community action program along with the former head of the White Citizens' Council. It is the press conference announcing a new grant for Atlanta, attended by Martin Luther King, Sr. and Senator Richard Russell. It is the story of tens of thousands of Head Start kids throughout the South participating in their first integrated experience.

Does all of this add up to an all-out war on poverty? Not quite. But it cannot be dismissed as "an array of tools for poking about in the slums." Ridgeway despairs because there is no "strategy for conquering poverty." If by "strategy" he means some single program – a social H-bomb, so to speak – he'd better forget it. If he means that we must continue to explore and innovate on a wide variety of fronts, he is right. We welcome public discussion of new and improved weapons that must be forged in this difficult war against an ancient enemy. Shriver has challenged the nation's great universities, the labor and business establishments, the welfare and social work establishments, and all who would listen, to participate in this important inquiry.

In OEO itself, the war strategy is being shaped both on the battlefields, so to speak, and in the research laboratory. A major review of all present programs, new an old, is proceeding under the direction of Dr. Joseph Kershaw. Mike Harrington has written that this exercise "could eventually lead to a 'systems' approach in the war against poverty. . . . And that could be a giant step toward comprehensive and thoughtful planning."

One thing should be abundantly clear to all. No single program will eliminate poverty in America. Economic opportunity programs are crucial, but so are full employment, housing, education, health, equality of opportunity. Any evaluation of the first year's efforts, therefore, must include recognition that the war on poverty has moved on many fronts: Medicare, Appalachia, tax re-

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duction, urban affairs, education, housing, voting rights, Older Americans Act, and much more.

Finally, a personal word. As I have already said, this whole piece may be considered self-serving. In a way, it is. It is my way of saying that the war on poverty excited me nineteen months ago; it brought me back into government service. There have been frustrations and there have been disappointments. But I haven't lost any of my enthusiasm and optimism. This is a great period in the life of our nation. I find the same excitement in this program that characterized the early days of the New Deal, the organizing drives of the CIO, and the first days of the Kennedy Administration.

Liberals must learn how to win. I think we're winning.

Hyman Bookbinder

(Mr. Bookbinder serves both as Assistant Director of the Office of Economic Opportunity and as Special Assistant to Vice President Hubert Humphrey. In early 1964 he was Executive Officer of the President's Task Force on Poverty.)

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Correspondence

Fulbright in Isolation

Sirs:

I was impressed by Andrew Kopkind's description in "The Speechmaker" (October 2) of the isolation of Senator Fulbright, except for Clark – and the party-less Morse. This consequence of the President's squelching of debate is very dangerous.

In my opinion, the great popular majority that the President's foreign policy seems to have is not solid at all. A large part of it comes from the fact that there is no articulate opposition among the leaders. If the President's position is discredited – as it might be at any time in Vietnam – where can ordinary intelligent people, who are not radicals, turn? One really has to go as far left as Mike Harrington or Martin Luther King to find a loyal opposition!

This, then, is the result of consensus politics and the vacuum left by Stevenson, Humphrey, etc. It is the result of the coalition against Goldwater which was useless anyway – for Goldwater received exactly the votes in November that were predicted for him in the previous February.

In this situation, where the democratic process has hamstrung itself, is it any wonder that dissident students turn to civil disobedience as the only resort?

Paul Goodman
New York City

Slums and Crime

Sirs:

I am a conservative college student who read your magazine for the first time recently. I found it in generally good taste, very readable, and intellectually stimulating. However, I feel that I must take exception to one of J. Skelly Wright's statements under the heading, "Crime in the Streets and The New McCarthyism" (October 9). He states, "I trust that we shall not have to experience the full virulence of the McCarthy era before we all agree that crime in the streets is primarily slum-produced crime, and that the only real cure for this malady which besets our society is the elimination of the slums." I do not believe that that is the only real cure for crime in the streets.... Oklahoma City has a higher crime rate than the national average, yet their slums are few and far between. When one does see their slums, one finds them not so very bad after all.... Recently six white Oklahoma City youths were arrested on a charge of rape. All of those youths were from either upper-middle or upper class families [and] from relatively elegant sections of the city.

Ned Tuck
Clinton, Oklahoma

I am old enough to look back upon a boyhood in the lower East Side of New York seventy years ago. There was much poverty then without the amelioration of welfare, social security, old age pensions, unemployment insurance or workmen's compensation. Sewing machines hummed in sweatshops from ten to fourteen hours a day, six days a week; and pay was just enough for subsistence. Families of four and five were often crowded into two-room flats. Streets were dirty and dead cats lay in the gutters for days. Homeless men slept in hallways, cellars, and on trucks parked along the curb. Yet, crime was rare because there was a general respect for law in the community, coupled with a regard for the rights of others.

The stimulation of crime today can be traced to ... degenerating human values: the exaltation of the trivia of life and the glorification of the superficial in so much of our "literature," entertainment and advertising....

It is a mistaken tendency to place so much of the guilt on unfavorable physical environment.

Jacob J. Leibson
Halcott Center, N. Y.

TRB – *Continued from page 4*

things turned out. It was never half past the hour for her; it was always 30 minutes to something else.

Ninety-eight years is a long time for a person, and even for a young nation, too. But at last she is back on the farm again where she started. The shag-bark hickory and the stone wall have hardly changed at all. It is quiet and serene and matter-of-fact. On a farm you put your potatoes in in the spring, and count them out again in the fall (a little wonderingly) when the harvest is ready.

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